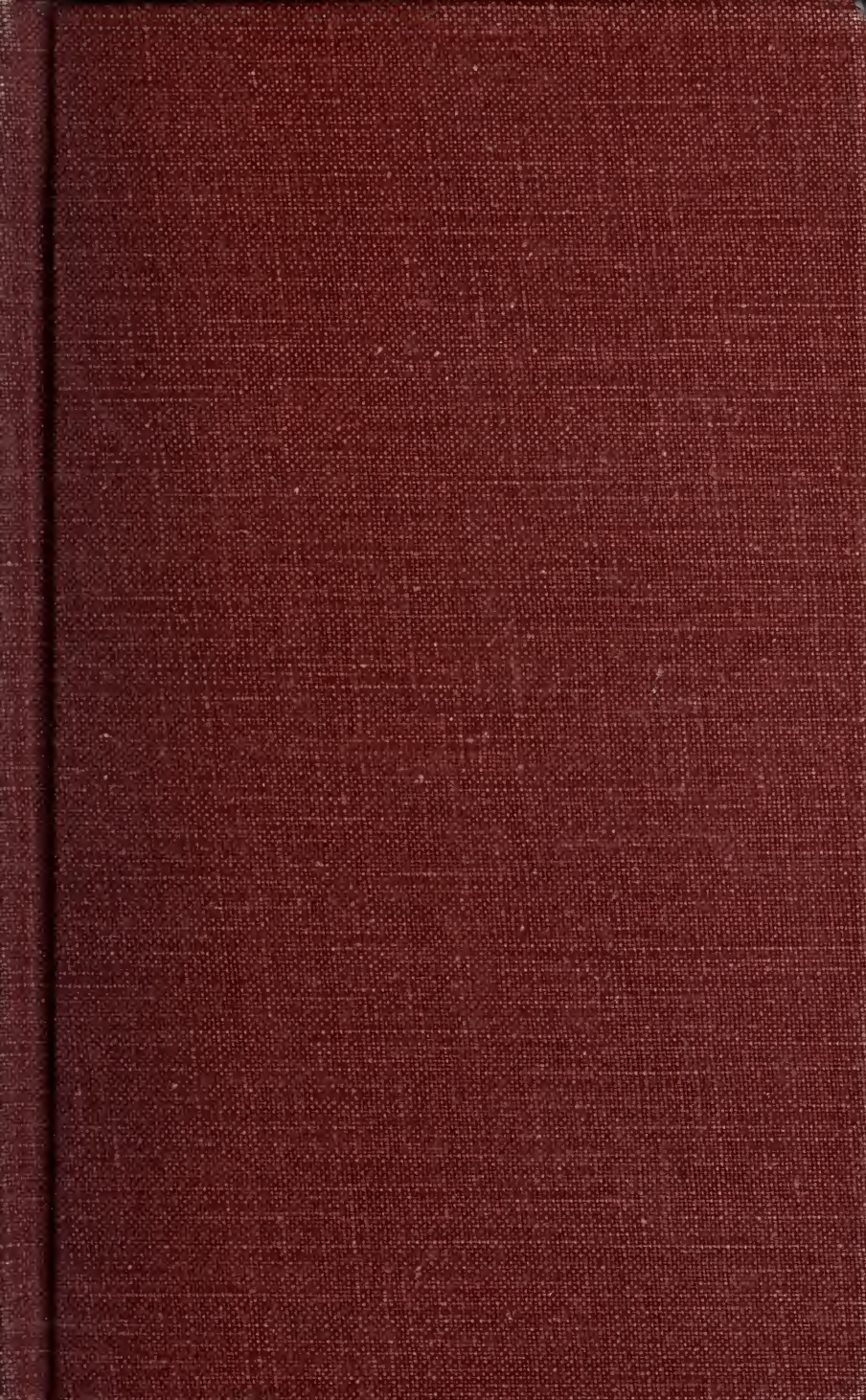












Wm. L. Sullivan



Yours as ever
Edward Muel

FAITH AND WORKS;

OR,

THE LIFE

OF

EDWARD WEED,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

*By ✓
L.L.*

"Show me thy faith without thy works,
And I will shew thee my faith by my works."

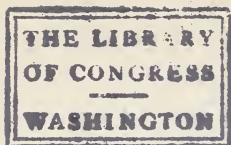
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INTRODUCTION.

It was a pious thought to preserve some memorials of the character of such a man as Edward Weed. The remembrance of him is very precious to many who knew him, and these will highly prize the record of his life and labors, and the transcript of his thoughts and feelings, which are here collected. As a monument of Almighty grace, as a faithful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, as a zealous advocate of temperance and justice, as a patient sufferer of affliction and a grateful recipient of kindness showed for Christ's sake, as a man full of good works and of victorious faith, the church at large cannot but be profited by reading his biography, and learning his worth by the greatness of his loss.

The natural qualities with which he was endowed, and the habits of thought and action which he acquired under parental training in his youth, helped to fit him for the chosen vessel which he afterwards became in the service of Christ. His tall and graceful person, his clear and musical voice, his frank and benevolent countenance, his speaking eye, his kindness of manner, truthfulness and honesty, vigor of constitution, industrious and frugal habits, and early acquired power of self-denial, were precious advantages to him in the

course of duty which he entered upon at his conversion, and in the course of trials and toils through which his Master led him to the close of life. Mothers who expect their sons to be true soldiers of the cross, must train them for it betimes, or the weakness of the earthly framework will give way under the labors of the impelling power within.

The record, though too brief, of the labors and struggles through which he persevered to obtain an education for the work of the ministry, will be an encouragement to many a young man hereafter, when the hearts of multitudes of our precious youth shall once more begin to kindle with irrepressible longings for the privilege of preaching to others the love of Christ which they have experienced in their own souls. "With ten dollars in money, and his extra clothing tied up in his pocket-handkerchief, he started on foot, with a light and thoughtful heart," from his father's house, to commence his studies at the Oneida Institute. A choice and remarkable band of youth were there collected, and they were taught, too, both in human learning, and in the wisdom which cometh from above, as is shown by the influence of their labors there, and by the characters they exhibited in after life. "During Mr. Weed's four years of study at the Oneida Institute, by exercising close self-denial, and continuing in persevering effort to sustain himself, he succeeded without incurring debt."

As a member of the first class that entered at Lane Seminary, after its organization in 1832, under the presidency of Dr. Beecher, he was again associated with

a company of very extraordinary young men. In their labors in conducting Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes, prayer-meetings and charitable societies, in visiting the sick and relieving the wretched, in promoting measures for education, in intense diligence in study, and in still more intense cultivation of the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, probably no equal number of theological students ever surpassed them. Their talents, their energy, their zeal in carrying out whatever they undertook, had awakened large hopes in regard to their future usefulness. The unfortunate decree of the trustees, in the absence of the president, prohibiting the students from further discussion of the subject of slavery, was justly regarded by them as an interference with the freedom of thought which is vital to the Gospel, and they heroically resolved that they could not submit to be thus in bonds. The honored faculty of the institution, whose proper prerogative was interfered with, decided otherwise; but the history of the seminary to this day is an instructive comment on the capital mistake which was committed in the attempt to sacrifice and throw away such a cluster of rare and costly jewels.

In his subsequent life, as a lecturer, a pastor, an evangelist, a reformer, and a sufferer, we have a fine sample of the true character and worth of a class of men in this country, who are not generally appreciated at their real value. The publication of this volume is to be commended, as affording the means in some degree of correcting this popular error. The extent of his labors, his diligence in study, his fidelity in main-

taining Christian order and discipline, the success of his efforts for the conversion of sinners, and the solid growth of the churches which he gathered under peculiar difficulties, entitle him to an honorable rank among the clergy of the country. Not Paul himself could show a fuller proof of the cleanness of his hands and the disinterested benevolence of his heart, than was offered by this man, who, after laboring fourteen years in the ministry, among poor congregations, and on a scanty salary, and giving away at least eleven hundred dollars for benevolent objects (in addition to the constant drain of small sums for charity), closed his service by selling off his household goods to pay his current bills, and left his work as poor as when he began it. Add to this that his health was now prostrated, and his helplessness burdened with the responsibility of a wife and children dependent on him for support, and then read his testimony:—"I have the consciousness of having done my duty, and of having acted unselfishly, and though afflicted, I am not depressed in spirits; I was never more cheerful and happy." * * * "I think I have done as God would have me do, and now I believe he will make me an example of what he would do for his people and his ministers if they would put their trust in him."

Such a life was appropriately finished out, and such a character was worthily crowned by the trial of faith, the workings of experience, the patience of hope, and the victory over fear and death, which are shown in the records of those weary months of sickness and sorrow which closed his pilgrimage. In all the lives of

the saints on earth, I do not know of a more striking case of a good man in straits, living so absolutely by faith, and that faith so constantly justified and honored by extraordinary displays of providential care, in supplying all his needs, making his bed in sickness, raising him up friends among strangers, and opening the hearts of those who never saw him to contribute for his comfort. Those pious people at Chester, in England, what blessings they had in their souls, for the unwearied kindness which they showed to this servant of Christ.

The privilege of ministering to him during the first day of his return to his own home, and of watching the last night of his abode on earth, is worth being remembered by one who is unworthy. May the blessing of the Lord accompany this feeble testimonial to one of his honored ministers.

J. L.

*for Gail Lillie?
 of Mansfield, N.Y.
 [i.e. in 1851 - date
 of her death.]*



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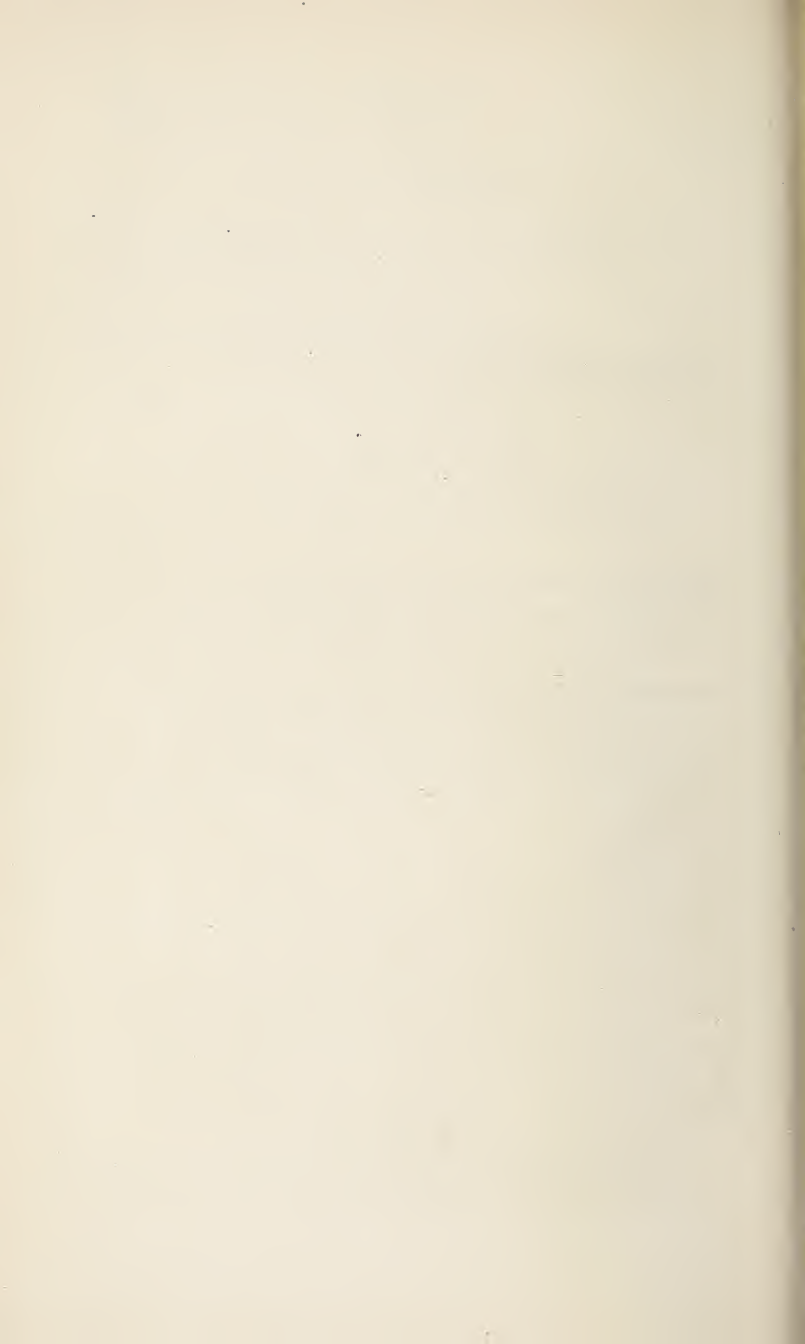
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CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.—CONVERSION.

EDWARD WEED, the subject of this memoir, was the son of Philo and Abigail Weed, and was born in North Stamford, Conn., July 17th, A. D. 1807.

He was the third of a family of ten children, seven sons and three daughters. All but three of the ten survived him; one died in infancy, the others all became heads of families.

His ancestry were of Puritan origin, and justly classed with those who receive the encouragement of Jehovah, written with the law of Sinai, "showing mercy unto thousands of those who love me and keep my commandments." From his earliest life his mother cherished an earnest desire, accompanied with a comforting assurance, that he would one day stand acceptably upon the walls of Zion to proclaim the gospel. And there is reason to believe that this desire and assurance were

accompanied on the part of his parents by a cordial and hearty consecration of their child to God, and the training of him in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Both parents lived to hear him preach. The writer has often witnessed the fixed attention and glistening eyes of his father, as he received from his son's lips the words of life, and seemed, in no common degree, thus to feed upon heavenly manna.

He enjoyed New England advantages for education until nine or ten years of age.

In A. D. 1817 his father removed with his family to Denmark, Lewis County, N. Y., then a new country, with comparatively few religious or educational privileges. When he arrived at a suitable age he commenced learning a trade. This, though not congenial to his literary taste, was apparently the only course for him to take.

When he was in his eighteenth year a precious revival occurred in the town where his parents resided. His brother Henry, a few years older than himself, was hopefully converted, and in the zeal of his first love, as he went from house to house, and shop to shop, to exhort his young companions, he was also deeply earnest, in behalf of his younger brother, and rested not, in pleading and

prayer, until he was with him rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Edward soon after made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and about the same time began anxiously to inquire respecting his duty to prepare to preach the gospel. Many obstacles stood in the way. How could he, a youth without means, his education up to this date limited, with any hope of success, attempt to gain a thorough preparation to preach? To meet the expense of the usual college and theological studies seemed impossible.

Simple, child-like faith, from his first consecration to God, was the moving spring of all his future course. He believed, if God called him to preach, he would make the way plain, and provide the means. He left his trade, and began to use such facilities for the improvement of his mind, as he could obtain. By perseverance in private study a year or two, he prepared himself to teach school. As he pressed forward from one way mark to another, stationed by the providence of God in his path, he appeared to many only as an ambitious youthful enthusiast pursuing a phantom. Such persons were not acquainted with the zeal that glowed in that young heart to do good.

They understood not the sanctified power of that young spirit, who, when the path of duty

was once made known, never, for a moment, suffered the word "fail" to influence him, as he pressed forward to its fulfilment.

They appreciated not the source of that confidence in God which filled his heart, and led him to exclaim, in the language of the poet:

"Unwavering faith the promise sees,
And looks to God alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries it shall be done!"

He used often, in after life, to say to the young, who were tempted to give up effort in a good cause, because there were many obstacles in the way—"If you have light enough to make clear to you one step in the path of duty, take that, and trust for the next. Don't refuse to go forward because you cannot see a long way and a clear way before you." This was an early lesson with him, and one that influenced all his Christian life.

In the Autumn of 1826, when he was nineteen years of age, he became for a few months a voluntary colporteur, intending to locate himself in some school for the winter, as a teacher, if a favorable opportunity should present.

Of his state of mind, purposes, and success,

at this period, we are informed by a journal or diary, which he commenced, and which was continued at intervals during his subsequent life.

CHAPTER II.

SCRAPS FROM DIARY.

THE book in which Mr. Weed's journal is found was prefaced with the following prayer of consecration :

“Grant, O, gracious God, that this book may be kept in thy fear. Deliver me from all hypocrisy in writing. Help me to examine my heart always before I write. May I may be enabled to record all thy dealings with me, with an eye single to thy glory ; and may it prove a means of spurring me on to duty. I ask it for Christ's sake.”

“*Oct. 28th, 1826.*—Left Utica, and the same evening stopped at Floyd to spend the night. I had poor success in selling books to-day ; but felt entirely to put my trust in God, both as to temporal and spiritual things. O, that I may be an instrument in the hands of

God, of promoting the cause of true religion in every place where I may go. May I deeply appreciate the interests of the Redeemer's cause.

"*Nov. 2d.*—Stayed over night in Trenton. Went in the evening to a prayer meeting at the Rev. Mr. Whitmore's. The room was crowded to overflowing, and a general solemnity prevailed. I had good success in disposing of books and papers in Trenton.

"*Nov. 3d.*—Came to Russia and called upon the Rev. Mr. Wilcox. Mrs. W.'s health is very poor, and his congregation is so scattered as to make his field of labor a laborious one. The people are much pleased with him, and I trust he may be a great blessing to them. Went up to the school-house, where was convened a church-meeting. I was introduced to Deacon F., who invited me home with him to spend the Sabbath. I found his family agreeable and pleasant, and I could but rejoice in the goodness of God to me, an unworthy creature.

"*5th.—Sabbath.*—The sun arose in clearness and splendor, and seemed in his rejoicing to say, 'This day is hallowed of the Lord.' I went to hear Mr. Wilcox preach. His text in the A. M. was, 'Revive thy work, O Lord, in the midst of these years.' In the P. M. he

preached from, 'As I was busy here and there, he was gone.' It was an excellent discourse, and a great solemnity prevailed in the congregation; the spirit of the Lord was evidently there.

"6th.—This morning I walked several miles before breakfast. I was introduced to a young man who has recently become a Christian. He seemed to truly rejoice in God. Called on another man who invited me into his house, at the same time saying his business was such that he could not spend any time with me. He was not a Christian, but I found his wife and daughter were both Christians, and had an agreeable and interesting interview with them.

"I went in the evening, with Deacon M., to a house not far distant, to hold a prayer meeting. There was none attended the meeting but the Deacon and myself. We had a very interesting season with the family of the house. Something was said about my taking the school in that neighborhood to teach through the winter, and I proposed teaching for eleven and a half dollars a month, commencing with the first of December.

"7th.—Came directly to Boonville. Nothing of importance occurred during the day. Put

up at night with a Mr. S. This evening wrote a letter to a friend.

“8th.—To-day passed through Leyden and Turin. I did not stay long in either of the places. I put up for the night with Elder Ashley’s family in Martinsburg. Spent the evening very agreeably in this pious family. The Lord has dealt out his blessings to me, while on this journey, with a bountiful hand. Truly I have great reason, (in the language of the Psalmist,) to call upon all that is within me, and around me, to bless, praise and magnify the name of the Lord, for his goodness and wonderful works to the children of men; and his great mercy towards me, who am the least worthy of such blessing.

“9th.—Passed through M. and L.; did not stop long enough in either place to do any business, feeling an anxiety to get home. I arrived at my father’s house about 8 o’clock this evening; found the family all well. It is truly delightful, after a long absence, to meet the loved circle, with whom we have spent the years of childhood; to greet those dear parents who watched over our helpless infancy, and who are ever alive to our interests and welfare.

“13th.—After spending three days with my friends, I came to-day to Champion. Went

this evening to a prayer meeting. The Lord is pouring out his blessed spirit upon this people; turning the hearts of sinners to himself; and causing them to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"17th.—Have had pretty good success for several days past. I feel as though the God of Jacob has been with me, since I have been on this journey, and I am yet a monument of his sparing mercy. Oh, that my heart was more devoted to his cause, and less attached to the things of the world. *

"18th.—Went to Watertown; called on Deacon R——; found his family very agreeable. One of his children has recently experienced religion, and is rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. I went to hear Rev. Mr. Boardman preach, and was much edified by his discourse.

"Dec. 4, 1826.—Commenced my school to-day, in the town of Boonville, in the neighborhood of Deacon Mitchell. I feel that I am placed in an important situation, and that I stand in need of divine aid and counsel. Oh, that God would endow me with wisdom that I may gain the affection and fear of my scholars, so that I may be enabled to instruct them in the different branches of science; and, above all, direct their young and tender minds to the 'Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the

world.' Oh God, wilt thou be with me and help me?"

Here we find this young disciple, not yet twenty years of age, weighed down in view of the worth of the soul, and his responsibilities as a teacher; but as he was ever wont to do, looking up in sweet confidence to the Hills whence his help ever came.

"7th.—This day is set apart by the Governor of the State as a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the signal blessings, both temporal and spiritual, that he has granted unto the people of this State. Oh! that I may enter into the true spirit and temper of thanksgiving. No one has been more signally blest than myself. He has brought me in a way that I knew not, and has kept me from many temptations incident to persons of my age. Not unto me, but unto His name, be glory and praise.

"11th.—*Sabbath*.—I am now four miles from church, but am enabled to go on foot every Sabbath with ease. Where the heart is engaged difficulties are easily surmounted. I have felt deeply during the day for the salvation of my scholars. In the evening I attended a meeting that was appointed in the

school-house where I teach. I felt humbled, and as though I could get down in the dust at my Saviour's feet, and commit myself with all my cares to him, believing his grace is sufficient for me.

"*March 31st, 1827.*—Closed my school in Boonville. It was an affecting season to me—parting with those young immortals with whom I have spent four months as their teacher. God grant that none of them may, through my neglect or wrong example, go down to destruction. Before closing I read to them the eighth chapter of Proverbs, and made some remarks, endeavoring to impress upon their minds the importance of attending to the calls of wisdom *now*, in the days of their youth. Most of them were affected to tears. I then presented each of them with a book, and asked the blessing of God upon them. We then separated, probably never to meet all together again, until we meet at the judgment of the great day. Did all teachers of youth but reflect upon that day, how differently would they teach and conduct before their pupils! I have been sensible of many errors in conduct. I have often been light and trifling, which has, in the retrospect, caused me many dark, distressing hours. Oh! that God would forgive me this great

wickedness, and help me to overcome the evil tendencies of a depraved heart! Oh, Saviour! subdue it to thyself. When I reflect upon the unnumbered mercies and blessings God has bestowed upon me, and upon the poor returns I have made, I am astonished at his long-suffering and loving-kindness. I can only exclaim, Father! I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. I pray thee remove this heart of flint, and give me a heart of flesh, one that will be susceptible of gratitude to thee. And oh! may I be an instrument in thy hands of building up the walls of Zion."

CHAPTER III.

CALL TO PREACH—STUDENT LIFE.

“*April 27th, 1827.*—My mind has for some time been much perplexed to know what my duty is, respecting my calling in life. That is, in what business or occupation can I be most useful, in promoting the cause of Christ, and the welfare of my fellow-men? To live for self, is to live for nought. I *do* desire, God assisting me, to devote my time, talents, and strength, in the service of my Redeemer.

“The following queries, have presented themselves to my mind, relative to a call to the ministry of the gospel :—1st, Am I willing to sacrifice all worldly pleasure, riches and honor, and bear the reproaches of the wicked—in faithfulness reproving the sinner, whether rich or poor, high or low? 2d, Am I willing to have my name cast out as evil, for the sake of Christ; and to labor in any part of the world, that the glory of God shall require, and spend

my *whole* life in this service? 3d, Is my love for Christ such, that I would willingly lay down my life for his cause? Oh! my soul, decide upon these points, as in the fear of God; weigh the matter well; count the cost, before you decide upon a work of such vast importance. Oh, God of mercy, wilt thou assist me in this great and arduous work? oh, help me, dear Saviour, to keep my heart, and bring my whole body into subjection to thy law; cause me to know where thou feedest thy flock at noon, and may I pitch my tent by the Shepherd's tent. Furnish me to the work thou hast called me to; enable me to discharge every duty, and employ every moment to the honor and glory of thy great name."

In the spring of 1827, an institution of learning was established at Whitestown, Oneida County, N. Y., called "The Oneida Institute." It was *one* of the first, if not the first, on the manual labor plan, and was intended to supply the means, to indigent young men, of obtaining a thorough collegiate education, by their own effort. It was at first rather unpopular—this attempt to unite labor with learning. But there were young men whose hearts were burning with zeal to preach the gospel, who were poor, and without friends able to assist them, who came forward and soon filled the new rooms of this

novel Institution. Many of them became scribes, well instructed, and have labored faithfully and successfully as ministers, in the fields to which they have been called.

Edward Weed believed this to be another voice of Providence, saying to him, "Go forward." He writes, May 6th, "I contemplate going to the Oneida Institute, where I can have an opportunity of working for my board. I have great need to feel my dependence more upon God; for should I gain all knowledge, and possess all the powers of eloquence, so that I could display that knowledge to the best advantage, it will be of no avail, unless sanctified by the Holy Spirit. May I go there in the fear and love of God, ever remembering that *He* worketh in me both to *will* and to *do*."

With ten dollars in money, and his extra wearing apparel tied up in his pocket handkerchief, he started on foot, with a light and thankful heart, for this institution. He entered it on the first day of its opening, and sustained himself there for four years, by two or three hours' labor each day, and teaching school during their three months' vacation. He saw times when he knew not where to obtain the next penny, being too honest to borrow, without knowing when or how he could pay. At one time, he sat two or three evenings in his room

in darkness, without the means of purchasing a light, sorrowing most of all that his studies must thus be retarded. On his face, with tears, he presented his case to Him, who hears the young ravens when they cry. In the morning relief came, and he was often heard to say, this kind and marked interposition of Providence, so strengthened his faith, that in all his subsequent course he always had the greatest confidence, in every strait, that relief would, just at the right time, come. It often came unsought, and from unknown sources; he always feeling and acting as though directly from the hand of his Heavenly Father.

During this part of his life, on the Sabbath, he went out into destitute neighborhoods and established Sabbath-schools, or labored in sustaining those already in operation. From the seed thus sown churches grew, and he was afterward permitted to stand and preach, in the places where he once stood as Sabbath-school superintendent or teacher.

The prayer meeting was also a place whither he ever loved to resort, to mingle his petitions with those who loved the prosperity of Zion. But like many, who have devoted their time to the study of the sciences, we soon find him complaining of his heart being drawn away

from the usual frequent and deep communings of God with his soul.

“*May 13th.*—The mercies of the past week have been administered to me by the liberal hand of my kind Heavenly Father, but I have not been suitably affected by them. I have reason to call upon my soul, and all that is within me, to praise the Lord; but I have to mourn my insensibility to such infinite love.

“*June 30th.*—This day has been set apart by this institution as a day of fasting and prayer. I would ask myself, what I have most reason to be humble for? What are my most easily besetting sins? How have I been brought into my present unfeeling state? Why are my thoughts so rarely dwelling upon heavenly and divine things? May I have wisdom imparted to me from above, that I may examine my heart, that I may know its secret springs of action—know my sins, and have a just sense of their aggravation.

“*Evening.*—While reflecting, to-day, upon my manner of life since I became a member of this institution, my coldness and indifference justly bring me charged with wounding Christ in the house of his friends, and stupidly leaving in peril souls for whom he died. But ‘I will arise and go to my Heavenly Father.’ Oh,

that I may not live to bring reproach upon his blessed cause, and dishonor his glorious name.

“31st—*Sabbath*.—This is a beautiful morning, the air is mild and pleasant, and all the vegetable and animal creation appear to praise their great Creator. Surely man, the most noble specimen of creation, should unite in their praises to his Maker and Redeemer. My soul, delay not thou a moment in rising from the things of the world, to things unseen and heavenly.

“Oct. 1st, 1827.—This day is set apart as a day of fasting and humiliation before God, by the members of this institution. I hope he may send down his blessed Spirit, and cause his gracious influences to be felt in our midst. In looking back upon my life during the past season, I can see that while I thought myself to be supremely attached and devoted to God, my life and conversation has done much to promote the cause of Satan. How can a being thus wrapt up in self, promote the cause of that glorious Being, whose name is Love?

“3d.—The last two days have been days of great solemnity. Appearances encourage us to believe that God is about to pour out his Spirit upon us. May this be our blessed case, and may my own heart share largely in the work.

“4th.—Attended the opening of the Albany Synod. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. B., of Troy. His text was, ‘Preach the gospel to every creature.’ 1st, What is the gospel? Good news. What does the term preach signify? To proclaim as a herald. Hence, the command is, to proclaim as a herald God’s message of good news to lost men, to every creature; not merely about us, but to every creature every where—the rich, the poor, the honorable and the despised, the youth, middle-aged and aged. His remarks were cutting.

“13th.—Heard Rev. John Frost preach from Psalm cxix. 72. ‘The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.’ 1st, Introductory remarks. 2d, Contrasted the blessings flowing from riches with those flowing from obedience to the law of God. In his remarks he said, if the law of the Lord was more precious than thousands of gold and silver, how diligent we should be in searching it out. Parents who teach their children the fear of God and love of his law, bestow on them a better legacy than thousands of gold and silver.

“15th.—Received a letter from friend R. S. M. Wrote one to Br. William. Oh, that the Lord would sanctify it to the salvation of his soul.”

During Mr. Weed’s four years of study at the

Oneida Institute, by his exercising close self-denial, and continuing in persevering effort to sustain himself, he succeeded without incurring debt.

“His indefatigable industry, manly deportment, and ardent piety, secured to him many friends, and confidence was placed in him, which gave him posts of honor and places of trust.”

Having passed honorably through with his collegiate course, he returned home to his parents, and for a year or more was engaged in teaching school in that vicinity ; also pursuing his own studies without instructors.

CHAPTER IV.

THEOLOGICAL STUDIES.

(DIARY CONTINUED.)

IN 1832 a theological seminary was commenced at Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, Ohio, called Lane Seminary. This was a manual labor institution, presenting facilities to the indigent student not found in any other theological seminary at that time established in the country.

Dr. Lyman Beecher of Boston, became its first President; and Mr. Weed, with others, who pursued their collegiate course at Oneida Institute, constituted a goodly portion of the first class of students.

With a talented president, and a complement of competent professors, he commenced his theological studies with the fairest prospects of attaining what he ardently desired, a thorough preparation to preach the gospel.

Early in the spring of 1832 he went forth empty-handed to this new hall of science, yet nothing doubting that the God in whom Abraham trusted would be *his* God, direct his every step, and provide for every want.

His occasional diary, at this date, refers almost entirely to his private reading and labors, and his religious exercises. He writes,

“*May 28th*, 1832.—Have this morning finished reading the memoir of Pastor Oberlin. Never have I taken up a book with expectations less raised, or laid one down better satisfied that my time has been well spent. The book is extremely modest and unassuming in its appearance. One would suppose from the manner in which it is done up it was merely a book to please children. But few histories of pious and distinguished persons are better adapted to excite the reader to lively activity, than this simple narrative of Oberlin’s faith, zeal, and labors. The style of the author is unusually pleasing; perfect simplicity is maintained throughout; no effort made at display; no desire manifested to make the good pastor the hero of a story. The whole is a simple narrative of heart-melting, spirit-stirring facts. No Christian can sit down to their perusal without being more excited and encouraged in the work of doing good.”

“ *Oct.* —.—My dear brother, William Henry, died the first of this month. Sick only twelve hours. He died at Newark, N. Y., and was much respected by the citizens of that place. He had no time to speak of hopes or fears, being insensible from the first. If unprepared—oh! dreadful thought. ‘The judge of all the earth will do right.’

“This has been a dreadful month. The cholera has been among us doing its work of death. Many wives have been made widows, and children, fatherless. And oh! what a number of souls hurried unprepared into eternity. From four to five hundred of the population of Cincinnati died in the short space of three weeks.”

“ *Nov. 25th.*—Attended meeting in the city, and heard Dr. B—— preach a sermon, rich in gospel truth, from 1 John v. 4. He drew a comparison between the joys of sense and those of religion, and showed how faith overcomes the world. I assumed the responsibility of superintending the Sabbath-school in the Sixth Church. Perhaps I have been unwise. This much is certain, some of the brethren *ought* to go forward. All that were suitable refused. The cause of Sabbath-schools is perishing for want of help. I am determined to go forward, leaning upon the arm of the

Lord. Took a class likewise in the Fourth Church.

“Sabbath evening I spent mostly in reading the ‘Natural History of Enthusiasm.’ Its author is yet unknown. It is a work characterized by deep thought, expressed in vigorous and enchanting language, and the whole baptized with the spirit of the gospel. No Christian can attentively peruse its pages without being searched and edified. No part of the book, which I have read, but what is full of useful remark and instruction. But his thoughts on the enthusiasm of prophetic interpretation and a special providence, which have occupied my attention this evening, are unusually pertinent, judicious, and weighty. They are well worthy the serious attention of those who love the weal of Zion, at the present time.

“*Dec. 23d.*—Spent the evening in reading from the ‘Remains of Cecil,’ a book of inestimable value to the minister. ‘Cecil’ was a master-mind, and deeply read in the workings of the human heart. His remarks ought to be read, re-read, and read again.

“Some of his views are singular, perhaps wrong. His notions of ministerial dignity, I think fallacious. It is not reasonable for me to suppose, because I have devoted myself to one

profession, and another person to another, that the latter can give me no valuable hints in my calling; or that if he attempts the thing, I ought to repel him as an ignorant assumer. No; let me candidly hear his suggestions, and if he be wrong, let me convince him of it. It is the part of true dignity to learn of all. It is said that Perkins, the celebrated steam-engineer, spent much time and several thousand dollars to remedy a defect in the machinery of his steam-engine, which was finally accomplished by a leather strap, which was suggested by a by-stander, and cost only eighteen-pence. 'The mind that is fully possessed with the desire to know good things, and infuse a knowledge of them into others, *when such a man would speak*, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their places.' Lavater and Cecil were constantly in the habit of reading *men*, and instead of a fictitious character, in their illustrations, they always took a real one. A good plan.

"*Dec. 25th.*—The man who would find happiness, must even bear to have it beaten into him. No one ever found it by chance or yawned it into being with a wish.

"*26th.*—Went to city to-day, and heard the

inaugural addresses of Dr. Beecher and Professor Biggs. I was highly delighted with them, particularly with the Doctor's. He treated the whole subject of education with a masterly hand. The charge of the trustees of the Institution to the candidates, by Mr. Galligher, was fine and heart moving. His own feelings kindled, and his tears flowed in unison with many others. His eloquence is Nature's eloquence.

"Bought another blank book to-day, and am determined, from this time forward, to record whatever train of thought shall appear to me profitable, which may occur in my various reading. I am fully convinced my manner of reading, thinking and acting, has been altogether too desultory and unsystematized. I am now twenty-five years old, and have spent from five to six years in close study. Have thought much upon a variety of subjects, and have written but little upon any ; of course my acquirements must be a disorganized, undigested, crude mass. With the help of God, I am determined to be more diligent thorough and systematic in all my efforts.

"31st, 10 o'clock, evening.—Have spent the evening thus far in examining the institution of the Lord's Supper. My mind was drawn to the investigation of this subject by having wit-

nessed its celebration yesterday; when, I thought, there was a manifest departure from the mode laid down in scripture. My opinion has been fully confirmed by the investigation. Ministers are altogether too careless upon subjects of this nature. There ought to be great care to administer the ordinances of the Gospel, as far as practicable, according to scriptural instruction. Otherwise, by constant innovations and changes, their original beauty and simplicity will be done away, and the thing represented by them lost sight of. The Romish Church is an example.—I have resolved to spend the coming day in a retrospect of the past year. I am almost afraid to commence the work, so much of the past year has been flittered away. There are so many gross violations of duty, so many opportunities of doing good neglected, so much coldness and deadness has pervaded my soul, that it is a fearful, dreadful business. Were God strict to mark iniquity, even for this one year, I should sink to the lowest hell. I have lived twenty-five years, and none of them have been less sinful than the last. Where could I flee were it not for the Saviour? Commenced a letter to my parents, giving them a short account of my labors and studies the past year.

“*Jan. 6th, 1833.*—Arose this morning with

my spirits much depressed. Have felt, for a few days, some alarming symptoms of disease; a pain in the pit of my stomach, which causes me much trouble.

Spent Saturday afternoon at Mr. Brainard's, in arranging the Sabbath-school Library belonging to his Church. While there I saw Mr. and Mrs. ——. They are returned missionaries. Within a few weeks past, I have frequently met with them. His health is poor and his mind beclouded. They are both perfect specimens of hypochondria in religion. May the Lord preserve me from such a state. This morning I attended a communion season at the seminary. I was again pained at the departure from the Scriptural manner of administering the ordinance. Singing was interspersed through the whole service, and the bread broken by each communicant.

“7th.—This day has been set apart, by several denominations of Christians, throughout the United States, as a season of fasting and prayer for the conversion of the world. Three of the churches in Cincinnati united together in the observance of it. I was privileged with attending their meetings. Seldom has it been my lot to witness more interesting and solemn convocations of the people of God. There is every reason to believe that a re-

vival is commencing in Cincinnati. May the Lord grant it to be one of exceeding power. In the evening, attended the concert in the Fourth Church, and made a statement of missionary facts. When will my stupid heart become thoroughly penetrated with the love of God?

“12th.—I am at present engaged evenings, in reading Williams’ Commentary on Solomon’s Songs. This book, on account of its high wrought eastern figures, has always been to me one of difficult interpretation. I hope to be much benefitted by the volume before me.

“13th.—*Sabbath*.—In the morning I was engaged in investigating what is meant by being created in the image of God. Perhaps the popular opinion may not be the true one: Gen. i. 27; v. 1, 3; 2d Cor. iii. 18; Col. iii. 10; Eph. iv. 24; 1 John iii. 2; 1 Cor. xv. 49. In the morning, heard a missionary sermon from Mr. B. He is a man full of the spirit and love of the gospel. By zeal and love he will do much to awaken the western churches. His sermon wanted system. Philosophy, doctrines, facts and applications, were all mingled together. In the evening I heard Bro. Brainard preach. His subject was the terror of the law. His sermon was well

arranged, admirably illustrated, and delivered with much feeling.

“24th.—Have been engaged, when not occupied with seminary duties, for several days past, in writing letters to friends. Sent a folio sheet to my parents.”

CHAPTER V.

LEAVES LANE—LICENSED TO PREACH—ANTI-SLAVERY LABORS—MARRIAGE.

For nearly three years after Mr. Weed went to Lane Seminary, he pursued his theological studies with assiduity and success; and was already anticipating their completion and his license to preach, when a circumstance occurred, which changed the whole aspect of his future.

In the literary society to which he belonged, the Anti-slavery question was taken up and discussed as a mere chance question. The subject elicited much interest as one of practical importance; involving so much connected with the morals and religion of the country, and covered so much ground, that it was continued in debate week after week. The trustees fearing the consequences of the excitement which was naturally induced in

the seminary and community around, requested the students to drop the subject. They persisted, and finally an ordinance was passed prohibiting its further discussion. Mr. Weed, with a large number of the students, considering this act of the trustees, an unjustifiable prohibition of their freedom of speech, asked a dismissal, and left the seminary. He with others—some of them sons of slaveholders at the South—went to Cumminsville, about six miles from Cincinnati, and sat down for three months, to the critical examination of the Old Testament in Hebrew, that they might the better understand the Hebrew institutions, as recorded there. The young men thus scattered, made themselves well acquainted with the system of American slavery, and stood up a marshalled host against oppression.

In Nov. 1835, at Russelville, Ohio, Mr. Weed was licensed by the Chillicothe Presbytery, to preach the Gospel; and went forth on his mission of love among the destitute.

He was invited to become lecturing agent for the Am. Anti-slavery Society, in which capacity he labored some six months, when he was induced to become the General Agent for the Ohio State A. S. Soc. Under the direction of this Soc., he visited and organized auxiliary societies in almost every

county in the State ; lectured, discussed with opponents in hundreds of its villages ; was mobbed ; and wicked men threatened his life, though in the kind providence of God, he escaped uninjured. Extracts from his letters at this time, will exhibit by his own testimony, his spirit and labors.

“ ROCHESTER, N. Y., *March 7th*, 1836.

“ DEAR SISTERS :—Perhaps you think by this time that Br. Weed, in the midst of old friends and acquaintance, has forgotten you ; it is not so, though I have not written to you as soon as I intended. Yet I have constantly carried you, and the blessed cause in which you are engaged, on my heart. I will give you a short account of my journeyings and doings since I left Cincinnati :—In the first place Br. R. and myself have been together but very little. We parted at Columbus ; he remained and spent the Sabbath there, with the colored people, and I went on to Mt. Vernon, and stopped with Bro. Higbie. Preached for him three times ; once from Ps. lxxviii. 31 : ‘ Ethiopia shall soon stretch forth her hands unto God,’ &c. In this discourse I pressed the claims of the colored people upon their sympathies, their prayers and their munificence, and particularly your schools. They were much

interested, and intended to take up a collection the next Sabbath; they are an excellent people, full of faith and good works, and nearly all abolitionists. Br. H. is doing well; the Lord is blessing him wonderfully. His church has more than doubled the last year. I was exceedingly refreshed and encouraged by my visit among them. I, of course, intended to take the first stage after the Sabbath; but in this I was disappointed—it was full—and by this little incident, I was detained two days. Indeed, I was all the rest of the week getting to Cleveland—a distance of 90 miles.

“At C. I found Pres. Mahan, and several of the Oberlin brethren engaged in a protracted meeting; the Lord was blessing them. When I left there were 40 or 50 in the anxious room. Br. M. preaches with great power. Just opposite C., on the other side of the river, he had just closed a protracted meeting; in which from one to two hundred souls were hopefully converted.

“From C. I came to this place, stayed over the Sabbath, and then went directly on to Utica, where I found Br. Weld, closing up his long and splendid course of lectures. On the evening of his concluding lecture, six hundred names were obtained to the Abolition pledge. Many of the good

people seemed to feel as though they had experienced a new conversion ; and that an important revival of religion had occurred among them.

“ While there, I presented the claims of your schools. The ladies of U——, will do something handsome for you. I returned to this place with brethren W— and S—. And here we are, making our arrangements for future action.

“ WEST UNION, *July 5th*, 1836.

“ DEAR SISTER :—I am now on the sixth letter that I have written this morning. All my time has been occupied since I left Cincinnati. Tuesday night I preached at New Richmond ; Wednesday I rode to Br. Brooks school, 25 miles distant ; the next day I went to Ripley, (by way of Red Oak) ; preached there in the evening ; on the following morning traversed the whole village of Ripley, with Br. Rankin, soliciting donations for the house, among the colored people, and obtained nearly forty dollars ; then got into my gig (alias go-cart) and rode 15 miles, by which time it was 8 P. M. ; in the morning I rode 12 miles, lectured on slavery two hours, organized a society of fifty members, distributed and sold numerous incendiary pamphlets, &c. &c. ; on the Sab-

bath I preached twice in places four miles apart; yesterday I delivered a temperance lecture at 12 o'clock, two hours long; and then rode to this place, twelve miles. By this short sketch, you can see how I am hauled about. But you will say, "Why did you write five letters before you touched mine?" I will tell you. It is always my rule to attend to those things immediately connected with my regular business; and then if I have any spare time, to devote it to that which is not indispensable. Is not this right? Christ, you know, said to his mother—when accused of a seeming neglect of his parents,—“Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”

“I received a letter last evening from our dear sister W——, saying she has forty scholars on her list, and thirty-five in regular attendance. She formed a maternal association among the colored females of Chillicothe on the same day that you formed yours in Cincinnati, and read to them from ‘Abbott’s Mother at Home,’ like yourselves. A happy coincidence this. I trust both societies will do much good. I long for more of the unction of the Holy Ghost, more weanedness from the world. Pray for me. I spend the next Sabbath at Georgetown, and the succeeding one at Man-

chester. Have been threatened, since I commenced blowing the abolition trumpet, with eggs," &c., &c.

"PIKETON, *July 17th*, 1836.

"MY DEAR ———:—Both your letters were duly received. Much violence is abroad in the land. For the last four days I have been in the midst of an infuriated mob who were seeking my life. But the Lord has delivered me out of their hand. I have just communicated the particulars in a letter to Mr. Birney, and you will probably see it in the 'Philanthropist.' I was enabled, through the whole scene, to remain perfectly firm and self-possessed. Among the friends that stood by me were some noble-hearted women; they had the spirit of martyrs; they were none of your fainting sort. I shall hold them in everlasting remembrance for the noble-hearted willingness which they manifested to take joyfully the spoiling of their goods. Oh! how refreshing, now and then, to meet with whole-souled men and women. Perhaps I may be called to die a martyr to the cause which I am pleading. I feel that necessity is upon me to be ready to die at any moment.

"Now, while I am writing, there are men all around thirsting for my blood, and would

kill me, if they had a good opportunity, as soon as they would a snake! Pray for me, that I may, in patience, possess my soul, and be ready to depart whenever God calls. We have fallen upon perilous times; law is prostrate, God alone must be our shield and protector. The crisis is not yet come, but is fast approaching. I say, with all my soul, *let it come*; I may fall, but truth *must* and *will* triumph. I shall probably leave here to-morrow. Adieu."

"GREENFIELD, *Sept. 2d*, 1836.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter was read by me with pleasure, and I am glad you are not satisfied with your present occupation. Not that I count it dishonorable; every honest occupation is honorable; but we may mistake our calling, and thus impair our usefulness and happiness through life. If this be true, how much thought, prayer, acquaintance with self and the world, are necessary for a young man in choosing his station on the arena of life.

"In seeking the advice of friends, take no man's opinion as infallible, but make it your invariable practice *to think for yourself*. This will give independence, strength, and vigor of mind.

"To get a good education is no small under-

taking. It is not boys' play. He that attempts it and is successful must sit down first and count the cost. There are, however, no difficulties but what application and perseverance will overcome. If your mind is unalterably made up to get an education, I would advise you, by all means, to enter the Oberlin Institution next spring. The reason I prefer your entering Oberlin is, because there, I think, you will be surrounded by circumstances best calculated to develop your mind, and make you an efficient and useful man. Stay where you are until spring, faithfully discharging the duties of your station, *as much so* as though you intended to make it your business through life. In the mean time improve every opportunity of storing your mind with useful knowledge by reading. Every moment lost is robbing you of *power*. Time is power—time is money—time is knowledge, and industry is the key to unlock them all.

“I am still lecturing on the subject of slavery; frequently surrounded by mobs, threatened on every side. But poor souls, they are great cowards! You ask, had I not better relinquish the business? No—never! So long as the Lord gives me strength to plead the cause of the poor and needy, my mouth shall be opened for the dumb. As to danger. ‘If

the Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man can do unto me!’ I feel as though a crisis had arrived in the history of our country, in which it is the duty of every good man to take his stand on the side of law, truth, and the oppressed, and to maintain it at the peril of his life. No other course can save us from ruin. My dear brother, let me entreat you to study well the law of *love*, the foundation stone of all the great principles of liberty. Let it clothe you as a garment.”

“W. UNION, *Sept. 28th*, 1836.

“MY DEAR —:—All your letters have been received. The one left at C—— I did not get until a few days since. I sympathize, with all my soul, in your trials. I know how distressing is the apprehension that the plans of usefulness, which we have prayerfully and in the benevolence of our heart formed, must be given up. It is, indeed, plucking out the right eye. I trust, however, the Lord will be to you much better than your fears. *Be not afraid*. Why should you? ‘ALL things shall work together for the good of them that love God.’ What a promise! How broad! How deep! How full! Engrave it on the palms of your hand, and let it be inwrought with every fibre of your soul. The reason that I

did not meet you at C—— was that I did not know when you would be there. At the time you was there I was at Waverley, in the midst of a bloodthirsty, infuriated mob, only seventeen miles from you. Since that time I have labored most incessantly, and, I trust, not altogether unsuccessfully. I will give you a specimen. It is now Wednesday eve; I have travelled this week fifty miles, and spoken six times, averaging an hour and a half each time. I always succeed in securing the most profound attention, even from the mob, when they come within the hearing of my voice. I have met with no serious interruptions since I last wrote. The enemies of the cause seem to satisfy themselves at present with getting up reports that I have been most inhumanly beaten or murdered, to harass my friends. In making up lies of this sort they discover great ingenuity. Hitherto the Lord hath preserved me.”

On the 5th of Nov., 1836, Mr. Weed was united in marriage with Miss Phebe Mathews, of Mexico, N. Y.; a young lady of kindred spirit, and with whom he became acquainted while she was engaged in teaching among the free colored people of Cincinnati. He followed not the Hebrew rule to remain in rest at home a year, but in a few days he resumed

his labors, of travel, peril, and toil. When her health would permit of it, Mrs. Weed accompanied him, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" "throwing her whole soul into the work, and wherever she went stamping it with her own impress."

"MANSFIELD, *Nov. 16th.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—On Sabbath day I preached three times, with acceptance to the people, and was blessed in my own soul. I am still in the vicinity of M—— lecturing on the subject of slavery. Pray for me. I think some of taking Putnam in my way south. I want to see Brother G——, to digest some general plan of operation throughout the State; and Sister S——, to devise some measures for the formation of a Female State A. S. Society. I think, if this can be brought about, it will be the means of accomplishing much for the poor slave.

"When woman shall stand forth in her glory, filling the sphere designed her, and clothed in her moral beauty, I shall think the millennium is near at hand. Let there be devised some means by which the intelligent, the philanthropic, the great, warm, gushing-hearted women of the nation, can be brought together to exchange views, take an inventory of the

wants of their sex, and adopt measures to supply those wants, and to set up the standard of female education and moral action where God placed it. Little yet has been done comparatively in the female world. It cannot much longer be overlooked or remain inactive. There must soon be a move upon this subject. What part think you, Providence has designed you to act? Are you to stand forth among the daughters of America, and exert an extended and holy influence in the education of your sex?"

"*Nov. 22d.*—DEAR WIFE:—I am still at M——. Am to lecture here to-night, to-morrow night, and the following. You ask what has occasioned you to stay so long? The friends are so anxious to hear, and have something done upon the subject, I could not resist their importunity. I lectured last week in a place four miles distant. The people were much interested. The religious portion of them felt as though their views of love to God and man had been much enlarged, and their souls instructed in righteousness. I am more than ever convinced that pleading the cause of the poor and needy is not inconsistent with preaching the gospel, but that it is an indispensable part of a minister's duty.

“ When I came here the church were afraid lest they should not be able to stand up under all the obloquy that might come upon them if they took a decided stand. Their faith in God has been strengthened, and their determination to go forward in every duty, testifying against every sin. I hope a richer blessing may follow.

“ 24th.—The calls to lecture here are so numerous I do not know but I shall give up the idea of going south soon. I am beginning to feel I can do more good by staying here and in the vicinity a month or two than by going anywhere else.

“ The first evening I lectured, a merchant, a man of liberal education, objected to my argument. I answered the objection; he replied, and thus the discussion continued the whole evening. Last night the Congregational house was opened for us. A large audience attended, and the evening was spent in a debate with a young lawyer. To-night a strong-minded farmer is to enter the field of contest. Thus far, the Lord has enabled me to maintain the truth with dignity and honor; I believe his grace will still sustain me. Again, I must say, adieu.”

“MANSFIELD, *Nov. 18th*, 1836.

“DEAR BR. T——:—The last week I spent at Oberlin, and was much pleased with the appearance of things there. The Institution is in a flourishing condition, well furnished with professors of the highest order of talent. Students are numerous, more than they can accommodate. I know of no Institution in our country where is collected together a larger amount of piety and intellectual power. It is just the place for you, and I have made arrangements for your entering next spring. If such a berth had been offered me, when I commenced my studies, I should have leaped with joy. I hope, dear brother, you will come with a full—I wish I could say a holy—determination, that the world shall be blessed by your living in it.

“I am now in the vicinity of M——, still lecturing on slavery. When I stopped here, it was with the expectation of going into the southern part of the State soon, but the interest has increased so much, and the desire to hear, that I may be detained for some time in this county.

“Write soon. Direct to O——, and it will be sent on to me, wherever I may be.

“Your affectionate brother.

“EDWARD.”

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS CONTINUED.—CLOSES HIS A. S. LABORS.

“GRANVILLE, *Jan. 24th*, 1837.

“MY DEAR WIFE:—I seize upon a moment to commence a letter to you. You do not probably regret the loss of my society more than I do yours. Be assured you are not forgotten. I had a quick and pleasant ride on Monday. Found the friends much disappointed because I was not here over the Sabbath.

“Preached last evening, had a good audience, and excellent attention. I found Brother R—— still in the vicinity. Last Saturday he went out to H—— to lecture, and was mobbed twice on that day. Monday he appointed to lecture again. The mobocrats, alias defenders of the constitution and union, spent the Sabbath in scouring the country and rallying their forces. On Monday they came in about 300

strong. Brother R—— was dragged out of the pulpit by them, and remained in their hands about half an hour, when his friends succeeded in extricating him. He then went to a village four miles distant, lectured that evening, and organized a society of 36 members. Returned to H—— after the lecture, and the next morning lectured there without interruption, and organized a society of 60 members. He left here this morning for Mount Vernon, almost worn out with fatigue.

“26th.—I have given two lectures in this place; the young ladies of the seminary attended. The audience has numbered about 300. I doubt not you are still praying for my sanctification. I am endeavoring to strive together with you in my prayers for the same object. If I know my own heart, it is the settled determination of my soul to be a holy man. I know nothing else will make me useful or happy. The applause of man and the good things of this world, how empty, how utterly insufficient to fill the desires of an immortal spirit! *God alone can do this.* I think I can say with the Psalmist, ‘I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.’”

“MANSFIELD, *Feb. 4th.*

“I arrived here last evening. Found your

letter in the office ; it refreshed my soul much. Sometimes I give way to my feelings, get sick of my business. Think it hard to be constantly among strangers, away from home. Nothing before me but labor, labor—toil, toil—fatigue—talk, talk ! Then, again, I remember how much Christ did for a dying world. For thirty-three long years left his throne of glory, his Father's bosom, and for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame. And shall I be unwilling to make these little sacrifices, which, compared with his, are infinitesimal nothings ? Such reflections revive my spirit, nerve my soul, and lead me to despise myself for the selfish feelings previously indulged. My last letter left me at Granville. I continued my lectures there until Wednesday evening. The audiences were so good, the attention so fixed, and all continued so quiet through the whole that the people consider it a perfect triumph."

"VERMILION, *Feb. 14th.*

"I am at this place delivering a course of lectures—have got almost through. Thus far, I have had full and attentive audiences, and the prospect is of forming an efficient society.

"My health is good with the exception of a slight cold, which does not, however, affect my

speaking organs. I am still every morning pursuing my biblical studies. I had a precious feast this morning in reading the last chapter of 1 Corinthians, and part of the first chapter of 2 Corinthians. The deep and holy affection which the Apostle manifests for his brethren, and the pure, disinterested benevolence, which breathes in every line, commands my admiration of him, whether I possess a like benevolence or not. I have continued aspirations after holiness; but when, oh! when, shall I be holy?

“19th.—This is a bitter cold morning, and I feel about as juicy as a boiled chip; so you may prepare yourself for some brilliant flights. Respecting my coming south, I think I shall be able to do so in the course of three or four weeks. My work is nearly done here; there are but a few more places where I think it will be profitable to lecture in this vicinity.. Father M—— lectured this week in Ashland. Succeeded, in the midst of mobs, in going through with his course and forming a society. If our anniversary is held at Granville, I have agreed to spend three or four weeks previous in labor in Licking County.”

“MANSFIELD, *Feb. 25th.*

“I got here about noon, and received your

good, long letter, and little notes without number, all of which were devoured with eagerness. You know not how I am pressed with toil. After I got your letters to-day it was three hours before I could command time to read them, my heart aching all the time to be alone. And now I must bid you good-night, and prepare for the Sabbath.

“*Monday Morning.*—The Sabbath is past, and my body and mind have been much refreshed by the rest and privileges I have enjoyed. Brother K—— stood up boldly and preached gloriously. Bless the Lord! This poor, dying world is wailing and groaning for want of holy, efficient men of God. I preached but one sermon yesterday. My expectation now is, if the Lord permit, to see you in the course of three weeks. Last week I was lecturing below Belleville, and organized a society. Wednesday I go to Gallion. Next week come back here and lecture, and then bid them farewell.”

“GALLION, *March 3d.*

“MY DEAR WIFE:—Monday I mailed a letter to you. I have been lecturing every evening since except Tuesday. Have been most thoroughly mobbed; eggs flew as thick as grapes, some of them filled with paint. We

all got well bespattered, females and all. The mob were exceedingly cowardly; threw, and then run. To-morrow I am to lecture again at 2 P. M., if they do not shut the house—probably they may. One thing I have to comfort me in all these untoward events. I have a room where I can be alone—my Bible and communion with God. I had a sweet season to-day in remembering all my dear friends; the dear brethren with whom I used to be associated; those that are pleading the cause of the poor and needy; and those engaged in missions and revivals, at the Throne of Grace. It seemed as though my heart communed freely with the Saviour.”

“MANSFIELD, 4th.

“As I anticipated the house was shut against me. When I arrived here I took from the office my dear father’s letter, and your addition, with a bound of joy. It is agreed that I deliver a course of lectures here in the Congregational house next week. We shall probably have a mob to help us on. You ask in one of your letters, do I read Mr. Finney’s Lectures? I do, and am much pleased with them. Yesterday I read his last on Christian perfection. It commands my fullest assent. I feel that the standard of holiness must be set higher in

the churches, or soon they will be only a mass of hypocrites, of dead putridity. If the Lord permit, I shall leave here for Putnam this day week, and shall be with you the following Wednesday or Thursday. May the Lord guide us both and keep us in his love."

"UNIONVILLE, *May 27th.*

"Well, my dear, I am through with another week's work, and shall I tell you what I have done? I have lectured eight times, organized one new society, and collected about one hundred dollars. Next week I intend to collect another hundred, and lecture only half as many times. In regard to my coming home to rest, I know how much you feel upon the subject. Do not feel too much. I intend to spend July and a part of August with you in rest. But I am constantly thinking of that text, 'What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' I think I could not leave the field now without great detriment to the cause. Our State treasury is empty, it is even minus \$100 or \$200. Funds must be raised or we must shut up shop, retreat from the field, and stop operations. With the blessing of the Lord I hope to raise a thousand dollars, at least, before July. If I can, ought I not to do it? I know you will wish me to pursue that

course that will most promote the cause of truth and righteousness.

“28th.—The Sabbath is just passed. In some respects it was a precious day, one, however, of toil and fatigue. Preached twice, and afterward attended a prayer-meeting, and spoke at some length. I am not at all satisfied with myself, but I think it is becoming daily more the prevailing feeling of my heart to do all for the sake of my Saviour. I am glad warm weather has come, for now I can make the woods my closet, flee away and be alone. I have had in this way some precious seasons in reading the Scriptures. I long, however, for a time to sit down and examine, at my leisure, some subjects of great interest to me. I am constantly thirsting for more knowledge.”

“JEFFERSON, *Sept. 15th.*

“MY DEAR WIFE:—I embrace this first leisure moment since I left you to write, and will give you a short history of my labors the last week. I have met with no accident since my plunge in the mud on my first start, and arrived the same evening at Ohio City, after a hot and fatiguing ride. Staid with Brother P—— over night, and the next day went to Hudson. Spent the Sabbath there, had a precious day; preached but once, and spent

most of my time in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. My mind has become much interested in studying the prophecies; they help me to understand the present signs of the times. I have been reading the prophecy of Daniel, and think of commencing Isaiah, with the help of such commentaries as I can find in my way. From Hudson I went to Painesville, and attended the anniversary of the Geauga Co. A. S. Society. Spoke twice to large audiences, made up of people from all parts of the county. The next evening I lectured at Centreville. Yesterday I was at Ashtabula, and lectured twice. Shall do no more talking this week. Collected about \$60. This morning I met Brother Allen at Ashtabula; expect to see him again at Austinburg, perhaps spend the Sabbath with him there. To-morrow I intend to spend as a day of fasting and prayer. To-day, from excessive labor, I feel remarkably stupid. Most of the time I have enjoyed some communion with God, some genuine longings after holiness. One thing I have been striving for in particular is more holy boldness, less regard for the opinions of men respecting my public performances. I am well—have felt more than my usual vigor since I have been out this time. Adieu, may the Lord bless and keep you.”

“FOWLER, *Sept. 20th.*

“MY BELOVED WIFE:—I received your precious epistle yesterday at Warren. I suppose you continue to have ‘a feast of fat things’ served up to you daily at Oberlin. At Austinburg I had a precious interview with Brother Allan, and parted with him there, probably for the last time. Saturday I found if I staid at Austinburg I could not be alone. It was a beautiful day, I mounted my horse, threw the reins over his neck, and concluded to make his back my closet. In this way I rode thirty miles to Farmington, reading and praying most of the way. It was a precious season.

“The Sabbath I spent at Farmington. Preached and lectured—had an excellent time. The Lord helped me. Put up with Brother B——. What a precious spirit is Sister B——! It is a feast to the soul to meet with such a great, warm heart, after being frozen to death by coming in contact with the cold world. I am now at Brother B——’s, in his snug, sweet little study. Have been disappointed this week about my appointments; the man whom I depended upon to give them out was not faithful, so I have for the last two days rested. Shall, if the Lord will, get to work again tomorrow. By work, I mean lecturing. I have appointments now for ten days. I hope to be

with you again week after next. Shall stay but a few days, must then go south.

“22*d.*—Yesterday I rode 25 miles, visited four towns, and gave out appointments for lectures. Last evening spoke in this place to a large and attentive audience. This morning I have had a precious season in reading my Bible. Have just commenced reading the prophecy of Isaiah.”

“NEW ATHENS, *Nov. 29th.*

“MY BELOVED WIFE:—Yesterday I received your precious letter. It was heart-cheering. Language cannot express the joy it imparts to get a communication burning right from the heart of one so dear to me. It imparts new vigor to engage in the toils and ills of life. You seem to pine for a quiet home, where we may be shielded from the annoyances of the world, and sit down to feast ourselves on truth and the love of God. At first view, this would appear to be an innocent desire. But is it really so? Can the servants of God look for ease or quiet in this world of wickedness and revolt, where precious souls, multitudes upon multitudes, are pressing down to hell? and if saved at all, must be saved by the instrumentality of their fellow-men—and where systems of iniquity, great and wide-spread, are daily

ingulphing their millions. In such circumstances, for those whose souls are lighted, who have sworn fealty to the king of heaven, girded on the armor of righteousness, and enlisted to fight the good fight of faith, to turn aside after their own ease, is treason to God and man, and the incipient desires for it are the beginnings of rebellion. Fainting, 'weariness in well doing,' sluggishness, are the besetting sins of the Christian, the most powerful temptation with which the devil assaults the soul. Oh! how difficult to serve God with the *whole heart*. Devote every energy to his work. Daily 'to present our bodies, a *living sacrifice*, holy and acceptable unto God.'

"Again, under what circumstances or where are we to expect or find rest? So far as temporal things are concerned they cannot be relied on for a moment. Mutability is written upon them all. We grasp them—they are gone. Every day's experience admonishes us of the instability and emptiness of worldly comforts. Lovejoy is gone! But he has slain more in his death than in his life. 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.' '*Judgment shall return unto righteousness*, and the upright in heart shall see it.' Precious promise! It is yea and amen. God hath declared it, and he will fulfill it. The triumph of the wicked

is short. The Lord will lift up himself like a terrible one. He will take to himself his great strength and rule.

"I lecture in this place (Cadiz) to-day. Have an appointment in Bloomfield for Friday. After that I must bend my way toward Putnam. Shall be in Cambridge, if the Lord will, next Wednesday. Hope to see you tomorrow week. Farewell."

"WEST UNION, *Jan. 26th*, 1838.

"DEAR WIFE:—You ask why I have not written before? Simply because when we separated I expected, almost to a certainty, that I should meet you at Ripley, and was not a little disappointed in not doing so. I was there Tuesday, and should have written immediately, but the 'Philanthropist' brought the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Colby. Knowing your intimacy with her, I concluded you had been detained about her dying-bed, and would probably get away so as to meet me here, or wait my return to the city. I got here at noon; took your letter from the office, saw the post-mark, which told the whole story. I am glad you got so pleasantly and safely to Columbus. I was afraid you would be weary and alone, tossing from side to side in one of those old go-carts. Upon the whole, I am

glad you are back again at Oberlin, though it is painful for me to be so long separated from you. Since I left Cincinnati I have done a great deal of labor, and have been very successful in my agency. Have obtained 35 new subscribers to the 'Philanthropist,' collected about \$120, and obtained pledges for about as much more. I shall remain here about a week, and write letters.

"Last Monday I was at Augusta, and had a sweet, precious visit with Brother T——. He is in a most happy frame of mind. The Lord has done a great work for him—has brought him into the fullness and power of the gospel. Ellen was at home, was well, and desired her love to you. The first week of my absence was one of great enjoyment in God. I had more opportunity for reading and meditation than usual, and my thoughts were intensely directed to the subject of faith. Views of it were presented to my mind altogether more impressive and clear than I ever had before; and a great variety of Scripture came before my mind with a clearness and power never before experienced. Another subject, to which my mind has been drawn with great and abiding interest, is the lesson that Christ taught his disciples when he took a little child and set him in their midst. I believe the Holy

Spirit *only* can teach the true meaning of being converted and becoming like a little child; and I have the beginnings of faith that He will teach *me* this in its fullness, notwithstanding my waywardness. Blessed be God, he has more patience than man. His mercy is high as heaven. I do believe I shall yet be led in the way everlasting, and brought into the fullness of the gospel—though I am a most dull scholar, ‘*a fool, and slow of heart to believe.*’”

“SARDINIA, *Feb. 3d.*

“It is just a week since I mailed my last to you. I have spent most of the intervening time at Brother B——’s. Went with him last Sabbath to Winchester, a little town about 12 miles distant from West Union. This place is about three miles from one of the camps. Yesterday I lectured at Winchester, where eighteen months ago they mobbed Brother Rankin and myself, and compelled us to hold our meeting in the woods—now no mobbing, and the only meeting-house in the place was freely opened. I have spent most of the time in reading Greek with Brother B——, and in writing letters. In this way my body has rested, but my mind has not received the same refreshment and strengthening it would have

done could I have been more alone. Oh ! the blessedness of sweet silence of mind and loneliness, where none but God is present. I am more and more decided to leave my agency as soon as possible consistent with the good of the cause. Probably as soon as April next, at least. There is a region of country in the vicinity of the Ohio River, about 40 miles from Portsmouth, occupied with furnaces and almost destitute of the preached gospel. I have been urgently requested to go there by the owners of the furnaces. They offer a salary of \$600, a good brick house and garden spot. It is a retired place, where we might do good and get good. I feel that I absolutely need three or four years systematic study before I am ready to ride as pilot amid the tempest-tossings of the moral world. I expect to go from here to Hillsboro', thence to Chilicothe."

" CONCORD, *Feb.* 13th.

" Here I am at the house of our good Brother G——. When I have written a little to you, I must hasten on my way to Chilicothe, where I hope to see our dear sister W——. I suppose you have fine sleighing at O——. The snow is quite deep here, and the weather comfortably cold ; at least so much so, that after riding any distance, and kissing the wind all

the way, my cheeks became beautifully red. Last week I labored hard and successfully, visited many of my old friends, and had a pleasant time. My health is uninterruptedly good. I think it is probable I shall go to New York to attend the anniversaries. If so, I shall go by the way of O——, and be with you sooner than the middle of April. This will be determined on my return to Cincinnati.

“15th.—I am now at Chillicothe. Sister W—— has really done an immense sight of good here. Her school numbers seventy. The mobocrats have not done threatening her yet. She desires her love to you. Shall I ever stop roving and have a ‘quiet home’ of my own, and my family around me? This much I can say, ‘the will of the Lord be done.’ I am his servant, and not my own. My success has been pretty good the last week. I collected \$140, and got 15 or 20 new subscribers to the ‘Philanthropist.’ Yours, with my whole heart.

“TWENTY MILE STAND, *Feb. 27th.*

“MY DEAR WIFE :—To-day at one o’clock I left Cincinnati and got here about ‘sundown. But you ask, which way are you going? Not to O—— just yet. Am on my way to Granville. Expect to spend three or four weeks in Licking County, lecturing and

preparing the way for our anniversary. Hope to get to Circleville by Saturday. Shall, if Providence permit, spend three or four days there, and after doing my work in Licking County, bend my course homeward. Received all your letters before leaving the city. The last came in this morning's mail. They were like oil to my bones. Yesterday I received letters from Brethren Weld and Stanton, both remonstrating against my leaving this field of labor. If I know my own heart, I wish to do just right, and am earnestly seeking of the Lord direction. I am constantly afraid of seeking my own ease and personal advancement. It is so easy to be very conscientious and benevolent in seeking our own. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' Oh! how true. When I have learned myself, so as not to be deceived by myself, I shall feel I have made great attainments. When in Cincinnati I bought the 'Memoirs of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher;' they were both eminent for piety. Knew what it was to be filled with the fullness of the gospel. I have been much profited, and stimulated to exertion, by reading the lives of these eminent servants of God.

"You will wish to know what progress I am making in spiritual things. Slow—very

slow. I am a dull scholar, a wayward child. I feel sometimes to cry out with the Apostle, 'who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' Would that I could reply in the fullness of faith, 'I thank God, through Jesus Christ my Lord.'"

CHAPTER VII.

CALL TO MOUNT VERNON.—PASTORAL LABORS.

IN the spring of 1838 Mr. Weed received a call from the Free Presbyterian Church in Mount Vernon, Knox County, Ohio, to become their pastor. After mature deliberation, whether the voice of Providence was manifested in this call, he resigned his anti-slavery agency, and entered on his duties as pastor elect at Mount Vernon, about the first of May of that year, and in the November following was ordained by the Central Congregational Association of Ohio, and the same day installed pastor of the Free Church. With what spirit he entered into this new field of labor, and with what fidelity he continued going in and out before his people for four years, we have testimony from various sources. Letters written soon after his arrival there express a deep sense of his responsibility, and his entire de-

pendence upon God and his word, for wisdom and strength to go forward.

“MOUNT VERNON, *May 10th*, 1838.

“MY DEAR WIFE:—About two hours since I arrived here, after a tedious, wet journey. The roads probably have not been worse this spring. Though I have been here so short a time, I have engaged board of Brother McGibeny, unpacked my things, put up my books, and am ready to go to work.

“I took a violent cold while on my journey; this together with much talking and visiting, has almost used me up. I believe it rained every moment while I was on the road from Oberlin to Mansfield; but notwithstanding the dreariness above and beneath, I was enabled, for the most part of the time, to let my heart go out after God and his holiness. On the Sabbath I preached at M—— with considerable liberty and happiness. On Monday attended the monthly concert; it was a good season. On Tuesday I went to the Richland County A. S. Society Anniversary. I was enabled to speak with unusual freedom. Last evening I lectured at Belleville on temperance. And to-day I have travelled through the mud, over the hills and through the creeks, to this

place; weary and half sick, I do not feel able to finish this letter.

“11th.—My health is much better this morning, and I have had a precious time in studying the Scriptures. Oh! how sweet to bury one’s self up in the Word of Life; to revel in the truth of God. I trust the Lord will permit me, for the present, to have much time for a quiet, close, and systematic study of the Bible. He knows full well that, in order to my being an efficient and faithful minister of his, it is absolutely necessary. I feel that I am but a babe in Christ. I do, however, have some longings after the unadulterated milk of the Word. I have commenced reading the Epistles of Peter. Spent all the forenoon on the first two chapters of the first Epistle. Had I time and room I would transcribe the analysis which I have completed of the first chapter. My soul is filled with the precious views which unfolded themselves to me as I went forward with the work. I do not feel as though I had yet attained unto the fullness of the blessing of the gospel, but I think it is getting to be the temper of my soul to follow hard after it. I know I shall have your prayers, and I trust those of that little, faithful band, who present their spiritual sacrifices at five in the morning. The stated prayer-meeting of the church occurs

this evening. Two weeks from next Sabbath we wish to have a communion season. It will be the Sabbath before the anti-slavery anniversary. We shall commence our meeting on Friday night previous. I wish you would see Brother Mahan and engage him to come on, so as to be with us on that Sabbath and the following Monday. Adieu."

"MOUNT VERNON, *May 17th.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—Brethren Drake and Gibbs do not go to Oberlin this week, as I expected, but start early next Monday morning. I shall have but little time to write, as this afternoon we have a meeting of the session, this evening a prayer-meeting, and my preparations for the Sabbath are not yet fully made. I received your letter with joy, thank you a thousand times for the deep interest you manifest in my spiritual welfare; and rejoice, truly, at the progress you are making in heavenly things. I would not have your love to God abated an iota, at the same time I would have you possess grace sufficient to restrain the natural ardor of your temperament from leading you to go beyond your strength.

"You will be anxious to know how I am getting along in my pastoral duties. In the first place, I feel like a little child. I know

not how to go out or come in before my people. My constant prayer is, *Lord, teach me.* On the Sabbath we had a large congregation, much larger in the afternoon than in the morning. The spirit of the Lord seemed to be present. My own soul was more than usually blessed; I felt that you and that beloved band were praying for me. I feel the need of your help and think it of the greatest importance you should be here. During the week I have spent my forenoons in study. The Bible, *the Bible*, has received almost my exclusive attention. I have had precious feasts on the truth. Can hardly bear to be turned aside to write a letter. The afternoons I have devoted to visiting, going from house to house, praying with the brethren and sisters, and talking about the great salvation. This, too, is blessed work. I want you here to participate with me in it. Here is a great field waving for the harvest, with the help of God we can gather it in. My purpose is to follow on to know the Lord. To 'seek *first* his kingdom and righteousness.' I wish you to get here, if possible, by Saturday, so as to be with us at our communion season.

"18th.—Last evening we had a most precious prayer-meeting—a full attendance. The Lord was manifestly with us. Great tenderness of feeling was evinced by the brethren

and sisters—many wept. I am encouraged to believe the Lord is about to come among us and do his great work. I have been much drawn out to pray that his word may be with power. It is my prayer that I may experience the very depths of humility. Had a precious season this morning in preparing for the pulpit. I trust the Lord will stand by me, and help me to preach his truth. Don't fail to see that some ordained minister comes on, so as to be with us on the Sabbath and administer the sacrament. We shall commence our meeting on Friday evening previous, on Saturday we shall have preaching all day. Four or five are to be added to the church. Farewell, may the Lord be with and bless you."

Mr. Weed's love of the Scriptures, from his conversion to his death, was a living, growing principle. To the law and the testimony he carried every new doctrine or belief that arrested his attention, assured that the Holy Spirit would guide him into all truth. This was the secret of his uninterrupted, onward, and upward course. In the critical explanation of the Scriptures he had few superiors. From this well-spring he drank living waters, and from his own experience of the blessed results of searching the Scriptures he recom-

mended them to others. In a letter to a dear friend he says, "I am deeply solicitous that you should become thoroughly versed in the Scriptures. They are a fountain of light, the well spring from which the Christian must drink and live; the medium through which spiritual strength and holiness are communicated. Oh, the Bible! the Bible! every day I prize it more and more. Read it, carefully and prayerfully; don't pass over a verse without understanding its true meaning. Neglect no part of it, but remember that "all Scripture is profitable," &c. See 2 Tim. iii. 16.

In the following letter to a dear younger brother, now in the ministry, and who was at the time it was written pursuing his collegiate studies, he advises him to spend, at least, the first hour of every morning in a prayerful study of the Bible.

"MOUNT VERNON, *May 17th*, 1838.

"DEAR BROTHER T——:—Although I have but a few minutes to spend in writing, I cannot let them pass without addressing a few lines to you. I feel the deepest interest in your welfare, temporal and spiritual; and am exceedingly desirous that you should become an eminent man of God—one whose mind shall be thoroughly disciplined, whose head

will be filled with knowledge, and whose heart will be strengthened with every righteous principle, and overflowing with love to God and man. I desire this, 1st, that God may be glorified and souls saved; and 2d, that you may be redeemed and receive the reward of those who turn many to righteousness, ‘shining as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.’ I have not been faithful to you; have not labored and prayed with you, as was my duty. Now let me say to you, if you obtain the fullness of salvation, you must seek God with all your heart. Not for your own happiness or greatness, but *to be pure, to be holy, to be like Him*. I advise you to rise early, and spend, at least, the first hour in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. *Try it*, you will find it will strengthen you for the performance of every duty of the day. Spend the last hour before retiring in self-examination and prayer. Balance the books of good and evil every night, and when you have leisure write and tell me how you get along.”

To a dear sister, who was engaged in teaching, he addressed about the same time a letter of like faithful, affectionate interest.

“DEAR SISTER L——:—How fast our days

fly! Soon, very soon, we shall stand on the shores of boundless eternity. I feel that my days are hastening, that in a very little while my account must be rendered. I cannot persuade myself that all my influence over your mind has been good. This causes me pain. I have desired your highest advancement in all that is excellent. I long to see you a woman who understands what it is to *walk with God*. To feel a calm and holy serenity of mind, to get the victory over mere impulse, to be governed by strict principle. God has opened a wide and beautiful path of usefulness for you to walk in. He has strewed it with the rich flowers of heaven, and lined it with the fruit of paradise. Beware, lest through weakness of heart, it be all in vain to you. You may, *you* OUGHT, to walk on the high places of the earth. A price is put into your hand to get wisdom.

“O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne’er give o’er,
Renew it boldly, every day,
And help, divine, implore.”

“From your erring, but loving brother.”

During his residence among this people he was repeatedly visited with afflictions. In June, 1839, that dear mother, who so tenderly

watched his infancy, and who had offered unto God so many petitions that he might become a faithful minister of the gospel, was called away from earth-scenes to the company of the blessed in heaven.

About eight months previous he had been to visit her, and she being then in good health was permitted to enjoy the consummation of her long-cherished hopes of hearing him preach. About a year after her death his dear sister Harriet, then just in the hopeful morning of life, became a victim of the fell destroyer, leaving her friends to mourn her early departure, though they sorrowed not as those without hope. At three different times his parental hopes were laid in the dust; and his wife for months, seemed to human view, to be hanging upon the verge of the grave, though she was afterwards so far restored to health as to be a great assistance to him in his pastoral duties. He loved his friends tenderly; yet in all these trials he could with Christian resignation say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Let him do *to* and *with* me and mine as seemeth him good.

In the fall of 1839 becoming deeply impressed with the necessity of a good school in town, that would meet the circumstances of

the daughters of the farmers in the surrounding country, and others whose means were small, Mr. and Mrs. Weed devised a plan for a school where each one could furnish her share of provisions, perform her share of the necessary labor, and have divided equally among the scholars the necessary money-outlays. This school was eventually taken into their own house, directly under their own care, they having the responsibility of procuring suitable teachers. And though it added much to their care and labor, it succeeded admirably, and they both felt they were paid tenfold in the good that was thus accomplished. Never has it been the privilege of those engaged in behalf of education to witness a greater thirst for knowledge, or more rapid improvement, than was manifested by the young women that became members of this truly domestic boarding-school, and many of them are now filling stations of usefulness. One writing from a missionary station, among the western Indians, to her former teacher, says, "all that I am, or can hope to do among this interesting people, under God, I owe to you and that dear school."

CHAPTER VIII.

CALL TO PATERSON.—TAKES A TOUR EAST.—LETTERS.

IN March, 1841, Mr. Weed received an invitation from the Free Presbyterian Church in Paterson, N. J., to visit them with a view to becoming their pastor. About the first of May, his strength being rather low from long-continued labor, he took a tour East, partly to recruit it and partly to visit this new field. Letters written to his family and friends during his absence from home, express his uniform trust in God to direct him in all his ways; as also his attachment to his people, and his responsibility in reference to them, and the precious souls in the surrounding country who might be reached by his influence as a minister of the gospel.

“ OBERLIN, *May 18th*, 1841.

“MY DEAR WIFE AND SISTER E——:—Be

assured I think of you continually, your labors and your responsibilities; and my continued supplication is, that the wing of the Saviour's presence, and the banner of his love, may be over you. Tell the young ladies I do not fail to remember them with affectionate interest at the mercy-seat. We found the roads very bad between Vernon and Mansfield; got set once, and were obliged to get an ox-team to draw us out of the mud. I spent the Sabbath at Mansfield, the Lord helped me to preach. Had a most precious time. We had a quick and pleasant ride to this place on Monday. All things appear well. The Lord is here—pray for this people. We shall soon be on our way to Cleveland. It is a beautiful, calm morning. I expect Brother Hornell will go on from here to supply my place. He is an excellent brother, and you cannot but be happy in his society. Be assured I shall sympathize with you and feel your cares."

"PATERSON, *June 4th.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—It is now four weeks since I left home, and not a word have I heard from you and the dear circle I left behind. I feel the intensest desire to hear how my dear charge are progressing. I have remembered you all continually in my prayers, and have

with the utmost confidence committed you to Him, the wing of whose power and love is always over those who trust in Him. I have felt to commit my way entirely unto Him. As yet but little light has broken upon my future course. What I shall do I wot not. I preached here on the Sabbath with much freedom and some unction. The Lord enabled me to get out of self, and to sweetly trust in his name. Here is a field of extended usefulness, but a field in some respects discouraging, owing to the floating character of the population. You know that a manufacturing population is of necessity constantly changing. As my feelings now are, I think I should prefer *our own Mount Vernon*, though my mind is wholly undecided. I think it my duty to survey the field fully, and not decide until I have examined the subject of change in all its bearings.

“*June 5th.*—Yesterday afternoon I spent in visiting, called on many devoted Christians, and was much refreshed. In the evening attended a meeting of the Washington Temperance Society. This is the name given to societies formed by reformed drunkards; great interest is felt in this place now upon the subject. Meetings are held weekly, in which men come forward and relate their experience. To say

the meetings are intensely interesting is but half the truth. Many have forsaken their cups, and have become respectable men. Oh! how many families are filled with joy and blessing by this movement. The same reform is spreading rapidly in the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

“Brother H——, I suppose, is laboring among our people, doing good and getting good. The Lord reward him an hundredfold for his labor of love. I suppose you and Ellen are very happy together. If we leave, I know not what will become of that school; I have not, even in my own mind, been able to make a satisfactory arrangement in reference to it. Say to Brother T—— I shall write to him next week.”

“BELLEVILLE, *June 7th.*

“MY DEAR P——:—I received your long-expected letter this morning just before leaving Paterson. It dissipated all my bad feelings, and greatly refreshed my spirits. I was rejoiced to hear that the Lord had been with you during my absence, and blessed you in your family circle. The Lord be praised that sister B—— has submitted her heart to him. I am glad to learn that the young ladies are faithful, and making good improvement in

their studies. I feel a deep interest in them all, and do not forget them in any of my prayers. It is a delightful thought to me, when I pray, that He, to whom my petitions are addressed, is present, at the very moment I am speaking, to all my dear friends, in great loving-kindness, providing for all their wants.

“I am still undecided as to what I shall do. The field here is extensive, and very much needs to be occupied by the right sort of men. Were it not for my connection at Mount Vernon, I should decide at once to come. But when I think of the dear people there, and in the region around, the responsibility of my circumstances presses upon me, and my mind falters as to duty. I feel that I am entirely free from selfish considerations in reference to this matter. It is my earnest desire and expectation to be directed by the Lord. Dear sister E——, I am glad the Lord is blessing your labors this summer, and giving you a pleasant school. My tears flowed freely when I read how the Lord was blessing our dear family circle. Look to Him, he will regard the cry of his little ones, and bless you abundantly. Give my best love to Brother H——. I trust his labors are blessed, and he is gaining favor among the people.”

“PATERSON, *June 29th.*

“Your last letter came to hand last evening. It was exceedingly pleasant to hear once more from my dear wife, our large family circle, and the dear people of my charge. Some of your letters have been very dilatory, and I perceive you have not received my last. If, when I get home, it is decided I deserve a scolding, I will pull off my coat, sit down, and take it patiently. If, after due examination, you are found the defaulter, you will have to scold yourself, for I am sure I shall be so glad to see you I shall be entirely unqualified for such a work. So you see you will have to be executioner in either case.

“I had a very interesting visit at Stamford. Found father well. Preached on the Sabbath to crowded congregations, one-half of whom were my own kindred, and who, of course, heard with great interest. Next week (D. V.) I expect to start on my return journey. Father will go with me as far as Carthage and Watertown. I hope to be home so as to preach on the third Sabbath in July. To do so, I shall have to be very industrious. I shall probably not hear from you again by letter, but hope soon to see you face to face. Farewell.”

“DEAR SISTER E—— :—I thank you a hun-

dred times for your short and affectionate epistles to me during my absence. 'The friendship of kindred minds is like to that above.' I have felt a deep solicitude for you and your charge, and have been enabled to commend you continually to the special care of our Heavenly Father. Since I have been here I have been making a choice collection of minerals for the school, and shall also bring with me some beautiful shells. I have been thinking over the matter as to the disposal of our school, and have written to sister M—— that I think she is the one to take charge of it. Say to the young ladies that I remember them in all my rambles, and do not cease to feel an interest in the individual welfare of each of them. I trust they are all striving for continued improvement, have set their standard high, and are diligently pressing towards it. I would write them a separate epistle could I command the time."

"DEAR BROTHER HORNELL:—I cannot express to you the gratitude I feel for your labors of love among my dear people. The Great Head of the Church will, undoubtedly, reward you—*abundantly* reward you. What an excellent service is His! How rich the reward! How promptly paid! I presume you daily

feast on the banquet of love! I appreciate the difficulties under which any one must labor who is only supplying the place of pastor for a short season. I know that in many respects it must be a trying situation. But our compassionate High Priest understands all these things, and we may rest like a weaned child on his bosom. I thank you, again and again, for giving me the present state of the people. It was just what I wanted to hear. My return will not be delayed longer than Providence seems to indicate it to be necessary. Be assured I remember you in all my prayers.

“P. S. My mind, respecting a change in my field of labor, is the same as when I last wrote.”

Mr. Weed returned to his people, as he anticipated, and remained until spring. The following letters were written to friends after his return.

“MOUNT VERNON, *Oct. 19th.*

“DEAR BROTHER P——:—Perhaps, by this time, you are saying, Brother Weed has forgotten me. It is not so. A day does not pass without my recalling you to mind. I cannot say, however, that I remember you *always* in my prayers; but I do frequently. I have a

great deal to say to you, but have taken a half sheet lest I should say too much. I rejoice to hear that the Lord is blessing your labors at Canton. The path of duty is the path of peace and success. You are already aware that I took a tour East last spring. My health seemed to demand it. Travel, change of climate, and circumstances seemed to invigorate me; my health gradually improved, and now I feel quite restored. Since I saw you, the Lord has dealt bountifully with my soul, and led me on in the way of salvation. While East, he kept me almost constantly in a state of peace, and enabled me to preach without the fear of man, or love for his applause before my eyes. Since my return the Lord has enabled me to preach with more unction and effect than hitherto. Our people are beginning to feel that they *must be holy*. I have recently preached nine sermons on the subject of sanctification. As far as I know, nearly all my church have acquiesced in the view of the subject presented. We are expecting to commence a protracted meeting next Sabbath. Professor M—— and Father K—— are expected to conduct it. Will you and your church pray for us? We had a very interesting meeting of Association at Hartford. Brethren Brown and Dresser were ordained.

Brother Brown is settled over the church at H——; Brother M—— has removed to O——; and Brother Cummings is expected every day to take his station at Fredericktown. I am glad you have Brother Russell as a co-worker at Massilon. Much love to Sister P——. Wife is not well. Write and let me know how you are prospering.”

“MOUNT VERNON, *Dec. 27th.*

“DEAR BROTHER B——:—Your letter was duly received, and I am heartily sorry it is out of my power to comply with your request. The ill-health of Mrs. Weed will prevent my leaving home for any length of time. She has been confined to her room eleven weeks, and is not able to sit up at present. I do hope to be able to visit you before going East. I have a strong desire to preach the gospel at Baltimore, but whether the Lord will permit me to do so I cannot tell. Love to your wife and daughter.”

“MOUNT VERNON, *Feb., 1842.*

“DEAR BROTHER B——:—Your kind letter ought to have been answered ere this. But it found me in peculiar circumstances. My family sick and helpless; myself engaged in a colonization and abolition discussion with Rev.

Mr. W——, of Muskingum County, which closed last evening. Every position he took was entirely southern. Our meetings were held in the Methodist Episcopal church. We discussed the subject eight evenings and one afternoon. The friends of the anti-slavery cause feel that a good impression has been made. Some have been converted and others convicted. Everybody is discussing it. Now about holding a protracted meeting in your place, I desire very much to comply with your request, but at present my way is hedged up. Mrs. Weed is in a perfectly helpless state; has been confined now for four months; until she is better I cannot leave her. It would afford me great satisfaction to spend a few weeks in your place, and I am determined to do so, if Providence permit."

CHAPTER IX.

LEAVES MOUNT VERNON AND GOES TO PATERSON.
LETTERS.

AFTER Mr. Weed's return from his eastern tour a correspondence was continued between him and the Paterson church, which resulted in his leaving Mount Vernon and removing to Paterson in May, 1842.

His labors as a pastor had been very acceptable to his church and congregation, and they consented to his removal from them at his own request and because he believed, all things considered, he might be more useful in an eastern location, while the work among them might be equally well or better accomplished by his successor. The following testimony of his people, when he left them, was not only placed upon the church records, but was engraven with affectionate remembrance upon many hearts :

“ It has pleased Almighty God to call from

among us our beloved pastor, Rev. Edward Weed, to labor in another part of his vineyard. He has, for the space of four years, gone in and out among us; breaking unto us the bread of life, and feeding us with the pure manna from heaven. His labors of love among us have been greatly blessed of our Heavenly Father. Unto many of us who had hitherto sat in darkness, a great light has sprung up; so that, having once been blind, we now see; having been deaf, we now hear; having been dumb, we now speak; and having been without hope, through our Lord Jesus Christ, we now have in him the hope of everlasting life. During the four years he has labored among us, he has not only been instrumental in building up this church, by the addition of about one hundred and thirty members, but has also been the means, under God, of forming two other churches, one at Fredericktown, and one in Liberty township, which churches are now jointly supporting a minister. We commend him to the favor and love of God's people everywhere; and where-soever he may be called to labor in Christ's vineyard, our prayers shall accompany him. And, until we shall all be assembled before the bar of God, to be judged of Him whose will is supreme and whose judgment is im-

mutable, we commend him to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."

His successor, Rev. M. E. Stricley, writes of him :

"Brother Weed's pastoral labors will long be remembered by the church, and will not soon be forgotten by many who never united with the church. His labor in the care and instruction of the converts, is abundantly manifest in the numerous lectures, Bible-classes, and special prayer-meetings he instituted. The exertions of this faithful brother are seen to have been extended to other places than Mount Vernon. Scarcely a village is to be found in our vicinity where he has not been engaged in labors of love, and in all these places he is still remembered with warm affection.

"The Anti-slavery cause owes much of its success in this county to his untiring exertions. Nor in this town is his influence to be measured simply by his preaching. It is felt in the schools he established, in the Temperance and Anti-slavery lectures he gave, and above all, in the genial, sunny and sanctifying power of his life and deportment, as a man, a Christian, and a minister."

Mr. Weed, called, as he believed, by the providence of God, thus left one church, in

whose hearts he was cherished with affectionate remembrance, and toward whom his thoughts ever turned until life ceased to flow, with the interest of a father toward the children of his love, to find his home with another people, who received him with the greatest unanimity and confidence.

The precarious state in which Mrs. Weed's health had been for some months rendered their journey one that was anticipated with some anxiety; but his letters record only mercies and thanksgiving.

“MEXICO, *May 7th*, 1842.

“DEAR BROTHER:—We got to Cleveland in good season and in perfect safety. Found a boat in port ready to go out in a few hours. We had the stage drive down and land us on board. We arrived at Buffalo the next day, about four P. M. Stayed at the Mansion House over night, and the next morning at nine o'clock took the cars for Niagara. Arrived there about eleven, and found another train waiting to take us to Lewiston, where was the steamer *St. Lawrence* ready to start for Oswego precisely at twelve. At the appointed time we found ourselves on board, and soon the noble steamer was proudly and swiftly moving on its way. The next morn-

ing, at three o'clock, we were safely landed at Oswego, and at half-past five we took stage, and at eight we arrived at Father Mathew's, amid the greetings of friends, tears of joy and gratitude. Our whole journey was exceedingly prosperous, and with the exception of one day, the weather delightful. I expect to leave here Monday morning early for New York."

While Mr. Weed went on to Paterson to engage in his duties there, Mrs. Weed remained for a few months at her father's, hoping by change of air, quiet, and relief, for a season, from the responsibilities of her station, her wasted strength might be in a measure restored, and some three months intervened before she joined her husband at P——. His letters in the meantime give us a history of his early labors in P——.

"PATERSON, *May 27th*.

"DEAR BROTHERS T—— and C——, and SISTER L——:—I have just received letters from Phebe and Father. P—— writes me that her limb is still swollen and the joint stiff; in this respect she is no better. She, with J——, are at Mexicoville, happy and contented. Father writes that he is well. The people

here received me with great harmony and affection. I have preached for them two Sabbaths. Our congregations are good; with the help of God I hope to be useful. They have hired for me a very pleasant house, located convenient to the church. Let me say to you all, Study yourselves, seek to know God. Learn to deny self. If you would do good, be approved of God and filled with peace; you must learn to bring your souls in full subjection to the truth. Watch and pray, and may the Lord bless you all."

" *May 30th.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—Your well-filled but dilatory letter reached me last Friday. That its perusal gratified me exceedingly, I need not say. I began to be a little impatient before its arrival, notwithstanding my strong resolutions to the contrary. I am really happy in knowing that you have such kind attention, and that everything moves forward so sweetly, but am sorry to learn that your limb does not improve. I have not yet consulted any physician, but will before I close this letter. Here I am in my own room. I like our house and its location better and better.

" 31st.—I have visited some to-day, attended a funeral, and this evening preached a pre-

paratory lecture. Our communion season occurs the first Sabbath of every month. Next Sabbath is the time for it. I think you will like this people. Here I am all alone in this large house. Don't you pity me? Well, I am contented and happy.

“*June 6th.*—Another Sabbath has passed. It was our communion season, and a precious day to my soul. There are some praying brethren and sisters in this church. It is a trying time with them now; many of them are entirely out of work, money scarce, and prospects gloomy. But the Lord reigns, and I believe he has much people yet in this place to be brought into his kingdom. My visit to Boston was very agreeable, with one abatement, I was not able to get about much, I was so lame. Brethren Cochrane, Parsons and Cole were my companions on my journey. I saw Brother Russel and his wife, and Brother Stanton. Had a sweet and precious interview with them. I conferred this morning with Dr. B——, of this place, in reference to your case. He advises blistering, provided your general health is good.

“*June 12th.* •

“Since we parted I have often wished to see you, but never more than to-day. The

Lord has greatly blessed me, and assisted me in preaching his word. He has been visibly manifest in our assemblies. The thoughtful, solemn countenance, the strict attention and tearful eye, all have testified to his felt presence. O, how blessed the privilege, to preach the gospel! My soul feeds upon the truth, and delights itself in God. I begin to understand David when he said, "How love I thy law: it is my meditation all the day." Still it seems to me I have only been eating a few of the crumbs of my master's table; but, if the crumbs are so sweet, how delightful will be the full spread board! How much good it would have done me to have partaken of the heavenly manna to-day with you. It is now ten, P. M. I have attended one funeral, preached three times, addressed the colored Sabbath-school, attended the evening prayer-meeting, and feel this moment as vigorous as when I awoke this morning. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, walk and not faint." My health and appetite are good. As I came home from my third meeting, and arose from kneeling in thanksgiving to God, I looked around upon my empty house, and felt that I

could not pillow my head until I had given vent to my feelings in a few lines to you. Perhaps I have thought of you more to-day, on account of a dream which I had last night. I thought, with my consent, you had married another. When I went to speak to you after the ceremony you was so agitated you could not answer me. All at once, the extent of my loss burst upon me. I saw you doomed to spend the remainder of your days in misery, and I to be desolate. My distress was so great I awoke. The soft light of a beautiful Sabbath morning was pouring its rays through my window; how my heart leaped to find that it was a dream! But I thought it was to remind me that I was married to my Saviour, and I must beware how I wedded him to others, and forgot my own espousals.

“13th.—This morning I awoke early, put my room in order, and have worked about an hour in my garden. I feel very well after the labors of yesterday. I am becoming more and more interested in our congregation. There are many choice spirits among the sisters of the church. It would do you good to hear them pray in our conference and prayer-meetings. It rests my body and refreshes my soul to go into our prayer-meetings. Yesterday was a precious day to all our people.

It is, however, a time of severe trial. So many of the factories are stopped on account of the money pressure that hundreds who depended upon their daily labor for bread are thrown out of employment. Pinching want stares them in the face. I have been thinking the Lord has sent us here to teach us to sympathize more fully with the sorrows of our fellow men, to teach us to "weep with those that weep." We had a precious meeting of ministering brethren at Newark last week. We have decided to have a meeting of the kind every month, also a conference of the churches. Sister P—— desires love to you. Remember my love to father, mother, and other members of the family. I was much refreshed by your last letter. Here I have been for the last six weeks living alone, with the exception of taking my meals abroad; but you know when I am with my books and about my duty I am at home and happy."

"PATERSON, *July 18th.*

"Last week was a season of deep interest to me. We had a series of meetings in New York, at which some nine or ten other ministers were present, who harmonized in our views of sanctification, and seemed to be full of the spirit.

“On Wednesday we had a very interesting church conference meeting, in Br. C.’s church. The object of this meeting was for brethren and sisters of different churches, to meet together, and exchange views and feelings, for the purpose of promoting personal holiness. A spirit of freedom prevailed, and the presence of the Lord was very manifest. Most of the time was occupied in the relation of personal experience. Some were very instructive. You would have enjoyed the meeting greatly. We shall have (D. V.) one at Newark, the second day of August, and intend to keep them up monthly, going around from one church to another. Friday I came home. Yesterday was my birth-day: it was the blessed Sabbath. If I live to three score years and ten—half of my life is spent—but there is very little probability that I shall live to that age. How short our time; how rapidly are we hastening to the judgment. What need we have to do with our might, what our hands find to do. The Lord helped me to preach yesterday. His word was with some power. Three or four in the evening arose to be prayed for. I think the churches are coming up, though it is a very unfavorable season of the year. The days are excessively hot, and every body very languid; I have hardly energy

enough to hold my pen. Write me immediately on the reception of this, and let me know when you will be in New York. The Lord willing, I will meet you there."

"29th.—I received your letter this morning. It made me both glad and sorry—glad that you are happy in the midst of your dear relatives, and sorry that I am to be disappointed about your coming on next week. When you come, I think you had better take the cars at S., and if the Lord will, I will meet you at the depot in Albany. I can meet you there without spending much time or money, both of which, in these days, are very precious. If you make any different arrangement, you must let me know. Give my warmest love to O——, P——, and S—— and his wife. I should love to see them dearly, had I time and money to spare. There is no chance here for J—— to go to school; perhaps she had better go to Oberlin with S——. Do however about it just as you think best: we can teach her as we have done."

As was anticipated, Mrs. Weed met her husband at Albany, Aug. 9th, and was introduced by him to their new charge. We have her description of her arrival at Paterson, in a letter written to her parents soon after, an

extract of which will be not inappropriately inserted here :

“ PATERSON, *Aug. 16th, 1842.*

“ DEAR, DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS :—I know that you will rejoice to hear that I have arrived safe at Paterson. The goodness and mercy of a covenant-keeping God was all around my pathway. I met my dear husband, according to agreement, at Albany—a happy meeting, I can assure you. Wednesday morning, we took breakfast with E——’s cousin, in New York ; that day we went over to N——, saw Brother and Sister P——, and attended one of those experience meetings you have heard husband speak of. It was a most excellent meeting. On Thursday we came to B——, and spent the night with Brother W—— and family. Thursday morning we came to Paterson—arrived about two o’clock P. M.—found our house all fitted up for our reception ; dinner on our own table waiting for us, and some of the friends ready to greet us. We ate dinner, and then the sisters took me all over the house, and showed me what they had done for me. My heart melted and became liquid as water, in view of it all. We had a little visit together, and then we knelt and consecrated ourselves, our house,

and all to the Lord. Soon the friends went away, and we were left alone in our new abode. Oh, to enjoy God in all these things! I think I do in some degree. I begin to love the dear people very much; they seem very warm-hearted and affectionate. I do not know how many times I have been greeted with a kiss, and 'You are welcome to Paterson, Sister Weed.' Yet, I cannot say that I love them as well as I did the people at Mt. Vernon, though I think I shall when I get acquainted with them as well. I thank you a thousand times for all your kind care of me while I was with you. If you will come and see me, and stay as long, I will try to return it in some measure to you.

"Your affectionate daughter and sister,

"PHEBE."

CHAPTER X.

UNITES THE LABORS OF AN EVANGELIST WITH
THAT OF PASTOR.

MR. WEED did not confine his labors to his own church, but was often invited, and frequently engaged, in protracted meetings in other churches ; thus adding to his labors as a pastor those of an evangelist. He also labored in behalf of anti-slavery, temperance, and other reforms, delivering lectures, forming societies, and writing articles for papers. His letters, at this date, speak of his unremitting toil, in behalf of truth and righteousness, as "blessed work," on which his heart was set, and in which he engaged with soul-absorbing interest.

"PATERSON, *Sept. 6th*, 1842.

"DEAR BROTHER :—Your kind letter came to hand a few days since. I was rejoiced to get it, for I had been able to frame no reason,

satisfactory to my own mind, for your three months' silence; especially in view of your earnest request at our parting for a frequent correspondence, and the promptness and length with which I had written.

“As to Paterson, I like my situation well, though it is not free from difficulties. The people are very affectionate and kind, and seem to be much attached to us. Our congregation is increasingly large and attentive. Some are inquiring what they shall do to be saved. Our Sabbath-school is very interesting, the number usually in attendance is about 200. Our other meetings are well attended. There is no active opposition against us, but our people are poor, and the times are exceedingly hard; besides, the church are deeply in debt for their house of worship. But, with the blessing of God, we hope to surmount all these obstacles. I am just beginning to get acquainted in the region around. The Lord has helped me to preach, and enabled me to advance somewhat in the knowledge of his truth and in subduing self. We have a house very pleasantly located on Main street, about fifty rods from our church. Though I arrived here late, I put in seeds, and have now a fine garden.

“*Oct. 3d.*—Since I last wrote you I have

been to North Stamford, Conn., and spent two weeks, holding a protracted meeting with great success. The Lord has poured out his Spirit in great power. The whole region is moved. Their meeting-house is filled every night to overflowing. Last Friday evening, after sermon, over a hundred came forward to be prayed for. I left P—— and J—— there, and came home on Saturday to preach on the Sabbath for my own people. I expect to return there again to-day. I cannot describe to you my feelings as I stand there and preach the everlasting gospel to my kindred, amid the graves of my ancestors. The truth takes hold with wonderful power. The church had almost run down. I was told that the Sabbath before I went there not more than thirty attended public worship. Only two or three young people belonged to the church; nearly all the dear youth were pushing on to death. How changed the scene! Every member of the choir, I believe, is now hoping in the Lord, and nearly all the youth have expressed publicly their determination to serve him. In my own congregation the Lord is reviving his work. Some, I trust, have been truly converted; others are inquiring. There is a deep, tender feeling among the members of the church, and yesterday was a precious day in our sanctuary.

I expect to see a great work here this fall and winter. A powerful revival is going forward at Newark in Brother Parsons' church. Some 200 attend the inquiry meeting daily, and there is a good state of things in Brother Cochran's church in New York. Brother Finney is expected to spend the winter with them. The Holy Spirit seems to be hovering over this region, and the cloud of mercy begins to break. Praise the Lord, and pray for us. Give my warmest love to the dear brethren and sisters in the Lord, at Mount Vernon. Tell them I have not forgotten them, but that they live enshrined in my heart; and as my love increases for the Lord, it increases for them. Write often and give particulars. Dear brother, I feel deep anxiety for your spiritual welfare. I long to have Jesus Christ formed within you, the hope of glory, that you may be prepared to preach his gospel in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power."

"WHIPPANY, *Oct. 29th.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—My heart is full. The Lord makes my spirit to mount up as on eagles' wings. How blessed the employment to preach the everlasting gospel! Last night we had a most precious, powerful meeting. God manifested himself in the great congrega-

tion, and girded his unworthy worm with strength. Some fifty took the anxious-seats. I felt as though the brethren and sisters in Paterson were praying for me and this people. I hope they will continue to do so. There is yet a great work which remains to be done here. The devil is not dead nor asleep. There are many obstacles in the way. But in the name of our God we will triumph over them all. I feel that it is my duty to remain over the Sabbath here; and probably I shall stay the most of next week, if not the whole. Remember, my dear, that great responsibility is resting upon you. Be much in prayer; be active, according to your strength; not beyond it; visit as much as you can. I feel that you can do almost as much good among the people as I could. You have their confidence. Your family will be small, hence you will have more time. Brother P——, I suppose, will go on Monday, and I shall not see him again. Give my warmest love to him. I am sorry he is going without a new heart. Oh! that he would give himself to think on his ways, and turn to the Lord. If you attend the meeting, Monday evening, at Sister F——'s, remember me to the brethren and sisters, and say to them I request an interest in their prayers for myself and this people. I shall write a note

to Brother C—— about the appointments. Adieu.”

“BROOKLYN, *Nov. 21st.*

“DEAR BROTHER T—— AND SISTER L—— :
—You are probably beginning to think that my few days are many weeks. When I last wrote you I had returned from North Stamford to spend the Sabbath with my people at Paterson. Monday I went back to North Stamford, and remained with them until Friday morning. A great blessing attended my labors there. From letters recently received from there I understand over one hundred are hoping in the Lord. The work is still going forward. Soon after my return I was called to go and take the lead in a meeting, which Brother C—— had commenced in a village some seventeen miles from Paterson. I went there and spent ten days, and preached twenty times. Some sixty souls professed submission to God. I have been in this city about two weeks, preaching every evening. During the time the church has been revived, and there have been some ten or twelve cases of conversion, and about as many more inquiring. It is much more difficult to move the people in a city than in a country village, there are so many diverting influences, so many things to

take up the attention. The work is evidently deepening. The Lord is daily increasing my faith in the means which he has appointed for the salvation of men, and his unchangeable purpose to bless them. For the last two months I have been away from my people much of the time. The Lord willing, I shall return to them this week, and shall begin to cultivate my own vineyard in good earnest. My congregation is large and attentive, prayer-meetings filled to overflowing. The Lord has given me favor in the sight of the people in this region, and power to preach his word. Do you ask what influence it has upon my own mind? I think I never felt so indifferent to the opinion of men, be it praise or dispraise. So that I can say it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment, while I have never felt so deeply my accountability to God and so much to appreciate his approbation. My dear brother and sister, do you wish to be perfectly blessed and freed from the dominion of sin? Have but one master, the blessed Saviour; but one end, his glory. How soul-satisfying to be able to say from the heart,

“‘ Lord, ’tis enough that thou art mine,
My God, my portion, and my all.’

“I earnestly desire that you should both be-

come eminent servants of God ; polished instruments in His hands ; vessels chosen by Him unto honor, and meet for his glorious service."

"PATERSON, *Dec. 16th.*

"DEAR BROTHER B—— :—I was truly glad to hear from you and your little church, and the interests of religion in general in your region. O, how much ministers need to break off their shackles, have but one Master, and live by faith. The times here are exceedingly hard, my own church is \$4,500 in debt, and at present it is almost impossible to raise our current expenses. There is not a rich man in my church ; almost all of them are laborers, who depend upon their daily exertions for support. For the last year nearly one-half of our population have been out of employ a great share of the time. There are more than five hundred men now in our town that cannot get a stroke of work to do. I have seen more suffering since I came here than in all my life before. *I am literally preaching the gospel to the poor.* I love the work. We are now enjoying a precious revival. Brother M——, of O——, is with us. The Lord has greatly blessed my labors since my removal from the West. You speak of my being able, by the

grace of God assisting me, to do great good as an evangelist. I am well assured that in that sphere I might be the instrument of great good. Were I free from my present charge I would enter upon that work at once. But our times and ways are not in our own hands. When God, in his providence, shall make the way clear for me to enter such a field, I trust I shall not be a disobedient child. I feel like being given up entirely to his guidance.

“Much love to Sister B—— and Cornelia. In this, my wife joins me. Much love to all. We shall always be glad to hear from you.”

“HANOVER NECK, *March 7th.*

“DEAR WIFE:—There were so many things on my mind before I left yesterday that I came away and forgot some that I ought to have attended to. 1st. I promised to select a book for Mr. R——’s son, who cut his foot so badly. He, sitting there from day to day alone, an interesting book would beguile his hours much. Will you select one and carry it to him? 2^d. I agreed to let Mr. M—— have a book. Will you carry him ‘Baxter’s Call to the Unconverted?’ 3^d. There are several sisters who ought to be visited. Mrs. R——, an old lady, who is very ill; Mrs. B——, who is also ill; and Mrs. M——, and Mrs. C——.

"I had a very tedious ride yesterday—arrived here about sunset. Preached in the evening to a very good and attentive audience. Felt the presence of the Lord. Am expecting a great work. The church seems to be somewhat prepared. I hope the dear brethren and sisters will pray for me. I am pleasantly situated and my health is good.

" 8th.—This is a beautiful morning. We had very interesting meetings yesterday. There is a good prospect before us—my health good and strength firm. I shall send this to-day by Mrs. H——. Adieu."

"HANOVER, *March 13th.*

"DEAR BROTHER:—The strongest desire for your best good dwells in my heart. That you may be a true man of God, emptied of self, delivered from the dominion of the flesh, stripped of all the shackles of the world and the devil, and introduced into the full liberty of the sons of God. I cannot bear the thought that your gifts, talents and opportunities, which are great blessings in themselves, should be lost to the world, and be turned into a bitter curse to your own soul. No, I want to see heaven in your heart; truth, with all its transcendent loveliness and beauty, in your mind, eternal glory in your eye, and your voice, like the messenger of God heard over the hills and

valleys of our beloved land, calling your fellow men to that feast of love which heaven has prepared for all hearts to receive. This, my brother, is delightful work. How much better than the drudgery of the political demagogue. My heart is full. I would like to tell you what the Lord is doing for my soul. I have not, however, time nor room now; I will only say that at no period of my life has my mind been so fully girded, and light and truth poured in upon it in so large streams, and in such glorious power. And at no time has my every effort been crowned with such success. It is now about ten months since I came to Paterson. During that time ninety-eight have been added to my church. Our Sabbath-school increased from 180 to 245, and our congregation greatly enlarged. Besides this, I am now holding the fifth protracted meeting abroad, in each of which a good work has been wrought, viz:—North Stamford and Long Ridge, Ct., Brooklyn, L. I., Whippany and Hanover Neck, N. J. I am at the latter place now. Have been here a week; expect to remain about four days longer. Old and young are awakened. Yesterday, the Sabbath, the Lord was truly in our midst. About 40 went forward to the anxious seat last evening—numbers are rejoicing in hope. I feel in all this I am nothing.

God in his infinite mercy has poured his love into my heart, and his truth into my mind, and enables me to stand up among my fellow men and pour out what he has poured in. Soon my voice will be hushed in death; but the words of his rich grace, uttered by it, will live and exert blessed life-giving power down to the end of time and through eternity. Precious thought! Who can decline such a work as this, or tire in its performance? Brother and sister H—— are still with us; both of them think they have given their hearts to the Lord, and have united with the church. They appear well. All the family were in good health when I left home. My own health remains firm. Give my love to C——. Tell him I am very thankful for his letters—hope he will write often. Love also to L——. Get a large sheet and all write—tell me all about Mount Vernon. Remember me affectionately to Brother Morgan; tell him his visit did me great good, that our people remember him with affectionate interest, and that I had a most blessed time the first two weeks in February in Connecticut. Some seventy souls were converted.”

“PATERSON, *May 23d.*

“DEAR BROTHER :—Your letter was duly received, and we were right glad to hear from

you once more. I was rather amused at that part of your letter where you speak of the happiness it would afford you if your calling were selected, and yourself fairly settled and established in it. The feeling is natural and common, but delusive. I have experienced it, and would that I could impress upon your mind, with the power it rests upon my own, that no change of temporal relations, or external circumstances, of themselves, can "impart the bliss we seek." It is a portion of the vail which *sin* has thrown over the human mind, that leads mankind, almost universally, to look forward to some mere outward change as a means of greatly augmenting their happiness. Still it remains a solemn fact, that they are all disappointed. Those expecting bliss from such a source, will invariably find the words of the poet emphatically true—

"This life's a dream, an empty show."

There is only one resting place for man's soul on earth, where he can look upon "All the good and ill that chequers life," with complacency and fearless joy; but one path, where each successive step will be one of increased light, glory and bliss. That resting place is the bosom of the Lord Jesus Christ, attained by a simple, implicit, child-like faith. That path

is the path of duty, the way of holiness. The man who looks to the future and expects to be greatly happy, and greatly useful, and greatly successful, because he is united by a living faith to God, and because he expects to wear out in his service; surely he will not be disappointed. To him this life will not be "a dream, an empty show," but he will find in it joys substantial and sincere, and "glory begun below." Now in reference to a profession. I should rejoice to have you preach the gospel, but not in your present state of mind. I feel that you have talents and acquirements that, if rightly directed, would enable you to act a conspicuous part in this world's reformation. But you need baptizing—consecrating to the work—by the Holy Ghost. No man should take this office to himself, but he who is called of God. I think every man of the requisite talents has in these days a common call; such as every sinner has to repentance and faith, but there is a special call, a holy designation to the work by God himself. No man is fit to preach the gospel who has not felt in a measure in his spirit the triune God laying his hands upon him, and setting him apart to the work, and the Divine voice urging him onward to its performance. Many have entered the sacred ministry lightly, and are a curse to the church.

In deciding your calling, you measurably decide your destiny. Weigh the matter well. Look to God earnestly. Have a single eye.

"All things thus far are moving on smoothly in our congregation. Our influence is on the increase, and I trust we are also increasing in holiness. Where is L——? We have heard that C—— is sick; how is he?—we wish much to hear. Give my warmest love to him."

"PATERSON, *Aug. 11th.*

"DEAR BROTHER:—I have been for the last few weeks feeling very anxious on your behalf. You are now through college, and the next thing is for you to choose a profession and then pass through the requisite preparation. I have been fearful lest you should decide wrong, without sufficient reflection and humble, fervent prayer. Lest *feeling* should govern you more than reason and genuine love to God and man. I presume there are but two professions between which your mind is vacillating: Divinity and Law. I have two objections to your studying law:—1st, I am afraid if you become a lawyer and a politician you will lose your soul. Their temptations are great, and not more than one in a hundred succeed in resisting them. How rare to find a devoted, thorough Christian among them; though there

are many professors. I know not how to express my view of the condition of the mass of these so well as by quoting from a poem which I found in Coleridge—

‘ God and the *world*, we worship *both* together,
Draw not *our* laws to Him, but *his* to *ours*,
Untrue to *both*, so prosperous in *neither*,
The *imperfect will* brings forth but *barren* flowers.
Unwise, as *all* distracted interests be,
Strangers to God, fools in humanity ;
Too good for great things, and *too great* for good,
While still, *I dare not*, waits upon, *I would.*’

This extract describes, I am fearful, the great majority of professed Christians among lawyers and politicians, and just what I fear *you* would be should you choose the profession of law. 2d, I think you can accomplish more good by direct effort than you can by indirect. Hence I would say, if your heart is set on doing good, and the most good, give yourself directly to the work. If you wish to be honored by the President of the Universe, present yourself to him, a most obedient subject, and he will give you an appointment which shall be a crown of everlasting honor. Would you have fame, heralded by the angels of God, through

all the realms of glory, seek from his Son a full commission to preach his everlasting gospel, and all that you wish or ask shall be more than realized. I hope you will not fix upon any plan until I see you."

CHAPTER XI.

BEGGING TOUR—DEATH OF MRS. WEED—CALL TO BROOKLYN.

THE church in P——, to which Mr. Weed ministered, was in many respects blessed and prosperous ; but they were constantly embarrassed and crippled by the heavy debt which they had incurred in building. His earnest desire to free them from this, prompted him to leave them a few weeks, and solicit the aid of other churches in their behalf. A brief journal kept at this period, and a few letters, give a short history of this tour, and of the encouragement that he received from abroad :

“*Sept.* 21, 1843.—Started on a begging tour. Went to New York city, and put up with S. R. P——.

“*22d.*—Made arrangements to preach in the congregations of Brethren C——, M—— and E——.

"23d.—Spent most of the day in preparing a sermon. Went to Brooklyn and visited Br. J——.

"24th.—Preached three times from Ps. cxxvi. 6—'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' Collected \$70 in Brother C——'s church.

"25th.—Called on Br. C——, Br. W——, &c.

"26th.—Called on Br. L. T——, and obtained a donation of \$50 in anti-slavery books, for Paterson church. Returned to P——, and attended to a case of discipline in the church.

"27th.—Visited several families, and then returned to New York and Brooklyn. Preached in the evening for Br. J——.

"28th.—Went out to solicit for the church, and obtained only \$9.

"29th.—Spent the day in soliciting, and obtained \$29.

"30th.—Spent the morning with Br. C——, and obtained \$11 for church. Wrote to wife and Br. C——.

"Oct. 1st.—Preached in the First Free Church of Brooklyn, from Ps. cxxvi. 6, and

obtained a subscription of \$65.04 for my church.

“*2d.*—Spent the morning with Br. W——. Wrote an article in reference to the promiscuous sitting of colored people in churches, and had a long conversation with Br. C—— upon the subject. Visited Br. A. S——, and obtained some names to call upon for donations.

“*3rd.*—Spent the morning in Brooklyn. Read the last two chapters of 2d Cor., in Greek, with Dr. Bloomfield’s comments. Went over to New York and obtained \$26 for our church. Returned to Paterson, and in the evening attended a session meeting.

“*4th.*—Spent at home, making provision for fuel, &c., and in the evening attended session meeting.

“*5th.*—Went to New York and returned to P——, and then prepared to leave home for Providence, R. I. Took passage in the steamer Massachusetts. Spent the evening in reading the Greek Testament—read the first three chapters of Galatians.

“*6th.*—Arrived at P—— at 4 A. M. Called on Dea C——, and breakfasted with him. Called on Brethren P—— and H——, and Dr. T——. Spent the night at Dea. C——’s.

“*7th.*—Spent the morning in writing; in

P. M. called on Brother P——, and with him visited Rev. S. T. W——. Spent the evening with Dea. C——.

“8th.—Preached in the morning at High Street Church; P. M., for Br. W——; in the evening attended Sabbath-school concert. The day was exceedingly stormy.

“9th.—Spent the day in soliciting—obtained \$44. Preached in the evening to a solemn and attentive audience, from Eccl. xii. 1—‘Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.’ Felt the Lord was good to my soul.

“10th.—Spent most of the day in soliciting—obtained \$21. Attended the Council for dissolving the Pastoral Connection between Brother P—— and the High Street Church. In the evening, attended and spoke at temperance meeting.”

“PROVIDENCE, *Oct. 9th*, 1843.

“MY DEAR WIFE :—I had a very pleasant and speedy trip to this place. Found Brother P—— here, and pretty well for him. He preached his farewell sermon yesterday afternoon.

“The people part with him with deep re-

gret. As usual, for him, he had obtained a strong hold upon their affections. It will be difficult for them to obtain another man who will make his place good. I preached for him in the morning, and for Mr. W—— in the afternoon. What will be the result of my labors, I cannot tell. They are not in the habit of taking up collections on the Sabbath—I shall have to call upon individuals. The prospect, at present, is rather dull, but I am not discouraged: shall do the best I can, and leave the result with the Lord. My health is very good: I suppose you are very feeble, and, at times, suffer great pain: you must quiet yourself, and trust in the Lord. Be assured I remember home and its sweet scenes. I hope the work I have to do will soon be accomplished, but how soon I cannot tell. This begging business is any thing but pleasant or desirable in itself, but it is an admirable discipline, and just what I need to humble my pride. I trust you pray for me. I expect to go to Boston, Wednesday; shall probably remain there over the Sabbath; if you write immediately a letter will reach me there. Direct to the care of Rev. Wm. P. Russel. I suppose, before this reaches you, that sisters C——, L—— and A——, will have left you. I shall regret their absence when I

return, but, I suppose, T—— and L—— are with you, and will be a comfort to you. My warmest love to them.”

“DEAR BROTHER :—I am sorry that it so happened that I was necessarily absent from home when you came. Should like to have been there to assist you in getting your school under way, though I think you will have no difficulty. Perhaps you had better advertise. Let me say, my dear brother, that if you would do much in the world, you must be a close student and a deep thinker. Off-hand readiness and superficial sparkling will do for a first impression ; but, that passed, the foundation material will be discovered. If that is pure gold, the first impression will only enhance its value ; but, if not, it will be considered an outside shining cover to a base metal. I trust your mind is made up, to apply yourself to study with great diligence. Be sure and master every thing you put your hand to. I cannot say, now, when I shall be home. Much love to L——. Please write in wife’s letter.”

“SALEM, *Mass.*, Oct. 23*d.*

“MY DEAR WIFE :—I have got no farther than this place, instead of Lowell, as I antici-

pated, when I last wrote. Last week was, in many respects, an eventful week to me. I was thrown amid nearly all the 'lions,' alias wonders, of this Eastern World. My eyes were constantly in use, and my bump of wonder and admiration perceptibly enlarged.

"I shall not take time now to describe my wanderings, but leave that until I get home, for one of those family chats for which I am so famous. I am now at one of the oldest settlements of New England, the scene of the ancient witchcraft. It is one of the most quiet cities I ever visited, possessed of immense wealth, accumulated almost entirely by traffic upon the high seas. I preached yesterday in two different congregations. To-day I shall commence my pastoral solicitation, with what success the future will reveal. I worked hard last week, and got only about \$55. You may be assured that it is hard work to go into the midst of strangers to me and my church, and present my cause. Still I find it admirable discipline, and well adapted to improve my personal address. I shall not reach Lowell until the latter part of this week; of course shall not hear from you until then, and must remain in ignorance and suspense, whether you are sick or well, dead or alive. This is trying, and were it not that I

had learned to commit all things into the hands of our Heavenly Father, I could not endure it. My own health is good; my cold has in a great measure left me. I expect to spend a day or two in this city and vicinity; then visit Newburyport, and from there proceed to Lowell, where I expect to spend next Sabbath, get your letter of last and also of this week. When I shall return home I cannot tell. You cannot wish me home more than I long to be there. But the Lord has laid this sore travail upon me, and I must pass through it. I have made up my mind long since to decline no service, however disagreeable it may be to my feelings, if it be a manifest Christian duty. It is a blessed privilege to take up our cross and follow Christ. Much love to T——, L——, and little E——. Keep me advised of all the important things passing in our parish. Does Brother W—— keep up the interest on the Sabbath? Write to me again at Lowell.”

Before Mr. Weed had time to finish his work of soliciting for his church, he was called to attend the sick, and what proved to be the dying bed of his wife. Her health had long been feeble, and she survived the birth of an infant son only two weeks. Though her

death was sudden, she was not taken unawares. In her last letter to her husband she says :

“The Lord is my refuge and strength. I have long since made this my *abiding place*.” And when told that it was the chill of death that gathered upon her, “The cup my Heavenly Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?” was her submissive response. But in this hour of heavy sorrow Mr. Weed wept not alone. Probably a pastor’s wife was never more beloved, or her death more regretted. An extract from his diary at the time of this affliction, shows that while he sorrowed as a man, he recognized the hand that smote him, and submitted like a Christian.

“*Dec 12th*, 1843.—This has been the most trying day of my life. I arose in the morning, waited on my dear sick wife; found her very feeble. Some time in the morning she was attacked with a severe chill, accompanied with a palpitation of the heart. We tried to produce a re-action, but were unsuccessful. Death, like a staunch murderer, marched right on to his prey, and her happy spirit took its departure precisely at eleven o’clock, P. M. During her whole sickness not a doubt crossed her peaceful breast. All was as calm and

sweet as the sunshine of heaven. We were married November 5th, 1836, a little more than seven years since. Just previous to our marriage she received a large baptism of the Holy Spirit, the savor of which she never lost. Her faith took a higher stand-point, and I never knew her to doubt her acceptance in the beloved. The sting of death was taken away and its terrors banished. She loved to dwell upon the subject of dying. This blow of Divine Providence has lacerated my whole soul. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"13th.—This day has been spent in writing letters to the friends of my departed wife, informing them of her death, and in receiving the visits and sympathies of dear friends who have come in to condole with me. Sad and joyful have the hours passed.

"14th.—To-day I have deposited the remains of my dear wife in the grave. The feelings of my heart as I took the last look, and heard the earth strike upon the coffin, language cannot express. But it is done, sealed by the eternal fiat. There is no recalling the past; tears nor supplications cannot bring her back. Blessed be God that it is so. Who would bring her down again from the joys of heaven to the

pains of earth? Rev. Samuel Cochran preached her funeral sermon from Job i. 21, last clause. Brother T. D. Weld was present, and gave a touching sketch of her eventful and useful life. Tears flowed profusely in the great congregation.

“Thou art gone to the grave,
I will not deplore thee.”

“*Dec. 24th.*—During the past week have made thirteen pastoral visits. To-day preached twice and attended Sabbath-school and conference meeting.

“*25th.*—Made five visits and attended prayer-meeting at Brother McLaughlin’s. Had a precious meeting.

“*30th.*—Preached at Newark three times to-day.

“*Jan. 1st, 1844.*—Returned from Newark. Met the young people at three P.M. Afterward called on several families. Brother Wm. Cochran preached for me in the evening on the law.

“*2d.*—Spent the morning with Brother C——. Visited in the afternoon. Brother C—— preached in the evening.

“*3d.*—Spent the day visiting. Preached in the evening.

"4th.—Brother Russel arrived, and preached in the evening. Brother C—— left.

"7th.—*Sabbath*.—Brother R—— preached in A. M. P. M. communion celebrated, and Brothers Y—— and C—— had their children baptized. In the evening we had a most solemn and impressive meeting.

"8th.—In the morning read Eph. iv. 25 to v. 3, critically in Greek. Read also a part of Dr. Smith's lecture on the connection of the nervous and muscular influence with the mental and moral developments of man. Read Kames on the powers of the passions to diffuse themselves to kindred subjects. Wrote to Brother S——, of Mount Vernon.

"29th.—Went to Brooklyn to attend a meeting of the First Free Church. Saw —— and conversed with him. Found him a poor, withered, blasted man. Poor fellow! Returned home and found dear babe sick. Concluded to let Mrs. C—— take it away to nurse."

During the autumn of 1843, Mr. Weed received a call from several different churches to become their pastor; and though his church in P—— unanimously opposed his leaving them, there were some reasons presented to his mind in the urgent invitation which he received from the First Free Presbyterian Church of

Brooklyn, that led him to decide to go there. It was the opinion of the leading men in that church, that he was the only man of their acquaintance who could build them up, after the sad calamity that had just then fallen upon them. He was dismissed from the church in Paterson on 29th of January, 1844, and the same day the Rev. Wm. P. Russel received an invitation to take his place, which he accepted, giving Mr. Weed the satisfaction that his beloved flock would not be left as sheep without a shepherd, but that in this respect they were very desirably provided for.

CHAPTER XII.

REMOVES TO BROOKLYN.—SECOND MARRIAGE.—
FINISHES HIS LABORS IN BROOKLYN.

THE 1st of February, 1844, Mr. Weed removed to Brooklyn, and commenced his labors there in the First Free Presbyterian Church. The June following he was installed pastor of the church to which he ministered by the Congregational Association, of which he was a member. Soon after his installation he wrote to a friend : " Since you left, a part of the time my health has been poor, but now I am well, both in body and mind. The Lord is blessing my soul, and pressing me on in his work. It seems to me I have no desire to live but to glorify God and do good to my fellow-men. It is my continued and earnest prayer to be filled with all his fullness. He is prospering me in my labors, and giving me power over the people. The Lord is filling me with ten-

derness and love toward himself, toward his friends, and the whole human race. Pray much; pray in the Holy Ghost. Pray for me, yourself, and the church." In August, Mr. Weed left his people for a few weeks to rest and recruit himself. He wrote to his brother soon after:

"POUGHKEEPSIE, *Aug. 18th, 1844.*

"DEAR BROTHER:—I have concluded to keep a little journal of my travels and send to you. Of the incidents of our journey to the boat you have a living copy in your own brain. In due time the boat got underway. S—— and myself stationed ourselves on the upper deck, in a position to feast our eyes with all the wonders of the city, rear landscapes, villages, &c., each with book in hand, so that between looking, talking, and reading, the hours passed swiftly and sweetly by until we landed at the Poughkeepsie dock, where we found good Brother W—— with a carriage awaiting our arrival. And soon, under his hospitable roof, we were made to feel as much at home as in our own house. Seldom have I met with a family who have so happy a faculty of making their guests feel that they are entirely welcome. During the P. M., feeling fatigued, I kept in-doors, and busied myself in reading

the 'Oberlin Evangelist,' containing (among other things, my sermon and) 'Finney on Sanctification.' My soul had a feast of fat things. I felt my whole heart lifting itself up to the eternal throne, and crying out after perfect purity, that the image Divine might be impressed upon my whole being. What blessing is there in the whole universe so great, so glorious, as that of being in the moral likeness of our God? I have witnessed what wealth and human applause can do for man, and I feel, in my very soul, that in their height and depth, they are very vanity. But a pure heart, a soul fashioned in the heavenly mould, is an 'inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' After tea S—— and myself went out into the village for a promenade. You are aware that P—— lies on the east side of the Hudson, on the slope of a hill, that rises gradually from the river. Back of the village, hill after hill, and range after range, rise and spread themselves out in every variety of form. The hand of cultivation has smoothed and crowned their summits with fruits and grain meet for the use of man. West of the Hudson, that rolls its wide and beautiful waters at the foot of the town, rise and spread out as far as the eye can reach, all in a high state of cultivation; other hills

and ranges, seeming to answer to those on the east, hill to hill, and range to range, like two merry choirs of youth, in health and beauty, arranged for the harmonious song, and joyous dance. As we went forth, the sun had just disappeared beyond the western range, tinged by his departing rays the fleecy clouds and eastern summits with gold. The evening zephyrs seemed simultaneously to rise from every hill and glen, loaded with the fragrance of summer, and imparting their soothing and invigorating power. We stood, gazed, admired, wept for joy, and exclaimed, If this be the footstool of our Heavenly Father, what must be his throne! In a moment, in imagination, we were carried to the heights of heaven, and through these types below, seemed to survey the glorious realities above. We thought of mother, Phebe, Harriet, and other dear departed friends, going forth amid the beauties and sublimities of the paradise of God—taking not their evening walks, for ‘*no night is there.*’ And again we shed tears of gratitude and joy, and continued our walk, dilating upon the wonderful and glorious prospects of God’s dear children. That we returned to our lodgings edified and refreshed you will readily believe. Sabbath morning came; I spent it in prayer, and contemplating

the great and precious promises made to believers, until my soul seemed to be winged. Visited the Sabbath-school, and addressed the children. Preached in the morning, to a good-sized audience, from the resolution of Joshua, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord;' in the afternoon, from 'The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance;' and in the evening, from 'Trust in the Lord and do good.' During the whole day the heat was excessively oppressive, but my strength held out well, and I was enabled to speak with ease and my usual power. It is now Monday. I arose early, and had a most precious season of prayer and studying the subject of sanctification. My heart and my flesh cried out after the living God. I feel more and more, my dear brother, that I *must* be a holy man. That I must honor my office as a minister of Christ. I am determined to husband my time; to use every moment that I can command in pressing my inquiries after truth. I see a beauty, glory, and loveliness in truth that perfectly enamours my soul. I can truly say, I rejoice over it more than he that taketh great spoil. It is now between ten and eleven A. M., and in the course of an hour we shall be pursuing our journey. Brother W—— and his wife will accompany us to Troy.

“(D. V.) you shall hear from me again anon.”

“*Packet-boat, Aug. 20th.*—Owing to our state of health, we concluded at Schenectady to take the canal packet, instead of jarring along all night in the railroad cars. But in doing so we made a most wretched exchange. We found the boat crowded inside and out; had hardly room to place our feet, much less to sit down, all of us at a time. They made up no berths. S—— was up all night. I succeeded in getting a berth of one of the hands of the boat. They have just invited me to preach on the boat; if I can command the time after that service, I will write more.

“*21st.—Hotel Oriskany.*—Last evening we stopped here and hired a carriage to go out a few miles to visit a friend, who we found was absent from home. We were much disappointed; but returned immediately here and spent the night, and expect soon to be on our way again. The Lord had some other work for us to do to-day, and before night we may understand the cause of our disappointment. We hope to be in Oswego Friday evening, and spend the 25th, the Sabbath, in Buffalo. And I hope to return after my northern tour, (*Deo*

volente,) the 5th or 6th of September to Whites-town. But I must close. May the glory of the Lord fill your heart."

Mr. Weed returned to Whitestown at the time he anticipated, and the 9th of September was united in marriage to Miss Porter, a young lady who was an intimate friend of his first wife before her marriage, and with whom he became acquainted while she was, for a season, engaged in teaching in their boarding-school in Mount Vernon. About the middle of September he returned with his wife to Brooklyn, and with strength renewed from the relaxation he had enjoyed in his tour, he engaged in his duties as a pastor.

Sometime later in the autumn he had an attack of influenza, inducing a distressing cough, which lasted some weeks; and for the first time since he began to preach, he was obliged on account of illness to employ some one to supply his place in the pulpit.

In February, 1845, at the earnest solicitation of the church at Long Ridge, Conn., he spent a week or two in laboring in a protracted meeting there. Though the presence of the Lord was graciously manifest in this meeting, it was not attended with the power that was seen and felt in the one he labored in there

two years before. The result of his labors at this time are mentioned in letters written during the time of the meeting.

“LONG RIDGE, *Feb. 23d*, 1845.

“MY DEAR WIFE :—It is Sabbath evening between ten and eleven o'clock. I have preached twice to-day, and attended a prayer-meeting during the evening. Since I came here I have preached eleven sermons. My health is improving, my cough not so bad as when I left home. As to the meeting, I will state the difficulties and the favorable things. The travelling has been exceedingly bad ever since I have been here. Many of the people are suffering under severe colds. One of the most active, zealous men in the church, lies at the point of death, and his family all sick with the measles. In a neighboring parish, (North Stamford,) they have a protracted meeting in progress, Rev. Mr. B——, of New York, assisting, which takes away some of the lay help expected at this meeting. There are not more than three or four males that can take an active part, consequently there are but few to engage in efficient labor. Now the favorable things. The Lord is with me, and enables me to preach his word with unction and power. The truth has evidently taken hold of the

church and the impenitent. Every successive meeting has increased in numbers and interest until to-day, the severe rain has kept many at home. Our meetings were notwithstanding exceedingly solemn and impressive. Some are awakened, and three have told me that their minds were fully made up to serve the Lord. Others are more or less impressed with the truth. I expect to remain until Friday morning, and then return home; unless there should be special indications making it duty to stay. I feel anxious to hear from you, and more so to see you. I love my family tenderly, and the nearer my heart gets to the Lord the more it clusters about them. My congregation also lies with weight upon my heart. Pray for me. Give my love to C—— and M——, and little B——.”

“LONG RIDGE, *Feb. 26th.*

“I have just received your very precious letter. It did me great good. Since the Sabbath our meetings have been increasing in numbers and interest. This evening we have had a full assembly and very great solemnity. The Spirit of the Lord was present, and a deep impression was made. There is great reluctance to have me leave at present. It seems to me now to be duty to stay over the Sabbath, and follow up the

impression already made. My strength holds out. My cough is much better. This morning I had no coughing turn, and have not had any during the day. I shall write to Brother C—— about my staying. I may be home on Saturday evening, and I may not until Friday week. I have not time to tell you my experience since I have been here. I have had some blessed seasons of communion with God, and I rejoice that you enjoy so much peace. Be assured you live in the innermost temple of my heart. Love to dear little Benny."

After Mr. Weed's return to Brooklyn he continued his unremitting labors in his own parish until the first of May, a year and three months from the time he came there; when, at his own request, he was dismissed from his pastoral charge. He was led to make this request from the evident manifestation of coldness and want of co-operation on the part of some of the leading men, who at the time of his leaving Paterson were the most earnest in persuading him that this, of all others, was the place for him to do good; and he, of all others, was the man to do it. The mass of the church and congregation desired him to continue among them as their pastor. Of these he made the earnest request that for *his sake* they

would vote for his dismissal. And on the following Sabbath he preached his farewell sermon. He left amid the regrets of many, who felt that they had been edified and built up under his preaching, and others who, through his instrumentality, had passed from death to life, and were now rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO PATERSON—LETTERS—TEMPERANCE.

THE church in Paterson, who parted with Mr. Weed when he went to Brooklyn, with great reluctance, were now left without a minister, in a very depressed state, and almost ready to sell their church and give up their organization. But they turned to Mr. Weed with new hope, unanimously soliciting him to become their pastor again. He accepted their invitation, and after an absence of fifteen months was happily settled again with his former charge. In a letter to a brother he speaks of all these changes as from the good hand of God.

“PATERSON, *June 11th*, 1845.

“DEAR BROTHER:—You have just cause to complain of our neglect, until you hear of our excuse. It is now almost three months since

we were at your house. It does not seem as though it could be so long. The older we grow the more rapidly does time fly. Since our return it has been one continued series of revolutions with us. Our leaving Brooklyn was sudden and unexpected to us, and brought about by means entirely above us, and beyond our control. The hand of the Lord, I doubt not, has been in it all, guiding and directing in his infinite wisdom and love. We are now happily settled among my former people in this place. The church was almost run down, and just ready to give up the ghost, but my coming among them has inspirited them again. The congregation has at once filled up, and what is most and best of all, the Spirit of the Lord seems to be among them. Some have already been healed of their backslidings, and the Spirit is moving upon others. My own soul is greatly stirred up. The Lord is trying to do a great work upon my heart, and if I do not resist, it will be accomplished. I trust I shall not. O, my brother, *how much it means to be holy. To be dead to self, to the world, and fully alive to God.* How vast the difference in being moved by the Spirit and grace of God in all that we do, instead of the impulses of our nature, and the dictates of our own unaided understandings. In one word, to

be *purely* men of grace, instead of natural men. This is a subject that is at present most intensely occupying my mind. I am searching the Divine record to ascertain as clearly as possible what are the influences of the Spirit, and their precise effects upon our natural faculties, and powers, and actions, which *all* Christians are warranted in expecting and enjoying, and without which they are not sons. I am persuaded here is a field of investigation, of great practical importance, and which has never been fully explored, since the Apostolic age. A subject which the ministry and the church must understand clearly and practically before we can advance far beyond our present position. What constitutes true spirituality is but little understood by the mass of professed Christians. But blessed be God, the attention of the ministry and intelligent laymen, is beginning to be powerfully turned to this point. The harvest is ripening—the sickle will soon be thrust in, and glorious sheaves of righteousness will be reaped. I do not believe that God is about to abandon this country to the devil. To give it up to intemperance, licentiousness, Sabbath-breaking, and oppression. No! the arm of his mercy will soon be stretched out; the power of his truth and Spirit felt, the church will be purified from her dross; and, clad in her robes

of fine linen, will shine forth 'clear as the sun, fair as the moon,' and become indeed, 'terrible as an army with banners.' Blessed Lord, *hasten the day*.

"Wife left home with sister L—— last Wednesday for W——. Both of them were in tolerably good health. They probably reached there the next day, as they intended to go through by the railroad. I wish much to visit you this summer, and take the tour we spoke of; but whether my Heavenly Father will give me the time to do so I cannot now tell. Love to sister P——. Let me hear from you soon."

"PATERSON, *June 10th*, 1845.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—It is now Monday morning. After leaving you, I went directly over to Brooklyn—spent the night at brother T——'s. Mrs. T—— and the babe were suffering from severe colds. In the morning I called at Capt. K——'s. Poor Sarah has gone home to Vermont, very sick. Her recovery is very doubtful. If I could tell you of the prosperity of the little church, I would speak of it. I am afraid we have not prayed enough for them; and perhaps somewhat of unhallowed bitterness was engendered in our hearts to-

wards some of them. I spent most of the day in New York.

Yesterday was a very warm day. The thermometer stood at 94 in the shade. Notwithstanding this we had a full house and good attention. I felt unusual strength of body, and to-day feel far less lassitude than is common for me on Mondays. My general health seems to be better than usual—I feel my heart strongly drawn out after holiness. It seems to me the Lord is endeavoring to do a deep work of grace in me ; I hope I shall not hinder it. Pray for me earnestly and continually ; I desire to be filled with all the fulness of God. All the ministers of Jesus Christ must reach this point before salvation will flow through our instrumentality. Be assured you are remembered in all my prayers. This morning I have had a most precious time in studying the sacred oracles. The Lord is beginning to open my eyes to see some of the exceeding glory of his Word. My heart has been this morning like a gushing fountain ; but I put no confidence in emotions and clear views to save or deliver from sin. They are often, however, evidence of progress in the Divine life. My heart is drawn out for entire sanctification for myself and you. I cannot tell you how I long that we may be a holy couple ; that in every

relation of life, we may show forth the praise of God ; that the whole body of sin may be removed, and that Christ may be fully and truly put on. This morning I have been earnestly studying to understand the distinction between the servitude of the old dispensation, and the Sonship of the new ; so often alluded to and contrasted by the New Testament writers. I think I have got a tolerably clear view of the matter. But my sheet is full ; not as full, however, as my heart.

“ Much love to dear L—— ; she has been so long with us that she seems like a sister to me, indeed. Love also to mother, brother D—— and wife. Kiss dear Benny for me. I hope to get a letter this week from you, and shall (D. V.) leave here next Monday.”

During the journey alluded to in the last two letters, Mrs. Weed met with an accident that caused her a long and dangerous illness. When she left home she had not recovered her usual strength, after protracted illness, in the form of intermitting fever, and subsequently varioloid ; the latter greatly endangering her life. To Mr. Weed's mind, these afflictions manifested only new tokens of the loving kindness of his heavenly Father, as will be seen by his continued letters.

PATERSON, *June 14th*, 1845.

“MY DEAR WIFE:—Both your letters, by the hand of sister R——, have been received. The Lord seems to be rolling one wave of affliction upon another over us. I begin to think he has taken us under his peculiar tuition, and is about to prepare us to do a great work for him. All these things are not *against us*, but *for us*. They are the workings of that divine hand, which ever ministers good to the servants of the Lord. I hope, my dear, you will not faint under these chastisements; but say to your soul, ‘why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.’ I truly sympathize in your severe trials, and feel sorry that so great a burden is thrown upon your friends; not that I think that they will feel it a burden. The Lord willing, I hope to be with you by Wednesday, perhaps Tuesday night. I am doubtful whether this reaches you before I do, and I consequently have written short.”

Mr. Weed hastened to his wife, remained with her until she was convalescent, then left her in care of her friends, and returned to his abundant labors among his people. The following were written after his return.

“PATERSON, *June 30, 1845.*

“MY DEAR WIFE:—After we parted I had a quick passage home, and found all things safe and well here. Since I left you the image of that dear little babe has been constantly before me; but I suppose while I am writing its tiny body is sleeping with its mother earth. The thought fills me with sadness, but I look up and say, “Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight.” I hope, dear, whatever has been, is, or shall be, the dispensations of Divine Providence, we may both have grace cheerfully and meekly to say, “Thy will be done.” After getting home I prepared two sermons, and preached them to my people yesterday. Though the day was stormy we had a good congregation, and the Lord assisted me to preach his Word. It was a good day to my soul. I trust the Lord intends to do a good work through me among this people. Since my return my health has been remarkably good, and my soul in a continual glow in view of Divine truth. I long, I pant to fathom the depths of holiness and the truths of religion. To-day I have been out visiting among the people. What a work needs to be done in this place! I wish I could paint to you two of the scenes I have witnessed to-day, but I must not attempt it. This week the temperance people

are holding a protracted temperance meeting; that is, they are to have meetings every evening during the week, passing round in succession to the various houses of public worship. The bells are now striking eight, and I must away to the meeting.

“I have just returned from the meeting. It was held in the church in Prospect street. The house was full; we had an enthusiastic meeting, and I think a first-rate impulse was given to the cause. I hope these meetings will result in much good. Drunkenness is emphatically the sin of P——. Pray earnestly for us. I feel that I have a great work to do for my God and generation, and that it must be performed in a very short time. If no accident or unforeseen providence should occur to shorten my life, I cannot hope to be an efficient laborer more than some fifteen or twenty years longer, and how soon they will have rolled around. I hope the Lord will richly prepare the minds of us both to do his work. But I must bid you good night, and close. I shall have no time to say more in the morning, as I wish to put this in the first mail. The Lord willing, you shall hear from me again next week.

“PATERSON, *July 7, 1845.*

“Your letter of last Monday was duly

received. The intelligence it contained of the decease of our dear little babe, though not unanticipated, filled me with sadness. My heart bleeds over the spoils death has won. Be assured that you have my warmest and most tender sympathies in all your trials. For several months past you have been called to pass through deep waters. I am rejoiced that the Lord has not suffered you to sink in them. Your letter did me much good. I hope and trust that the Lord will fill you with the consolations of his spirit. I think a wide and effectual door is being opened up here for usefulness. The past week has been one of great interest to the people of P——. The temperance meetings, to which I alluded in my last, were kept up during the entire week with great and increasing interest. A mighty impulse was given to the cause. On the 4th the Sabbath-schools, in concert, formed a procession, marched to the beautiful island of the Passaic, and there, under the broad canopy of heaven, shaded by the branches of the pine and sycamore, children, parents, and citizens listened to appropriate addresses. This passed, the procession formed again, left the island, when the schools separated, and went each to their respective churches, where refreshments had been provided for them. In the P. M.

the Temperance Society and citizens met on the island. An immense concourse of people were present. The addresses were good, and also the other exercises. In the evening the large Methodist church was filled, and temperance addresses were delivered and odes sung. On Saturday temperance meetings were held all day on the island, and in the evening at their hall. Yesterday P. M. at 6 o'clock another meeting was held on the island, and I presume three thousand persons were present. About one hundred signed the pledge. At eight they met in our church. The house was filled to overflowing. Mr. Edmonds, from New York, addressed the audience; an excellent impression was made. During the day our communion season occurred; we had a precious time. The Lord was truly in our midst. Three united with the church on profession. Thus I have given you a very brief and meagre account of the public exercises of the week. That my hands, head and heart have been fully employed you will not doubt. But, notwithstanding all, my health is good, and I feel less Mondayish to-day than usual. You undoubtedly think of me, alone in this large house, and feel to compassionate my case. Well, it would add greatly to my happiness to have my family with me. I am anxious you should

return as soon as it will be prudent and safe. I do not wish you to run any risk. Give my warmest love to all the friends. Adieu."

Occasional extracts of letters is all the written record we have of Mr. Weed's labors for a year or more after the date of the above. But many living witnesses there are who can testify that he was never idle, but was always pressing forward; every moment occupied in improving his own mind, or in some labor of love for the good of others. He was found daily at the bedside of the sick; often visiting the impenitent, and inviting them to the fountain of living waters; speaking words of comfort to the afflicted and sorrowing; and mingling his rejoicings with those that rejoice. While he uniformly spent his mornings in his study, he as scrupulously spent the afternoon in pastoral visiting; and he was never known to stay at home because of the weather, if it was ever so inclement. In a little book, in which he recorded the dates and names of those visited, there is an average of from twenty to thirty families visited weekly for months together. He studied, not merely to prepare a sermon because he *must* have one for the next Sabbath, but he studied to gain a knowledge of the truth, that he might be a stronger man, and a

better man for years to come ; and out of his storehouse, thus treasured, be able to bring things new and old, as they were needed. Had he indulged in necessary relaxation, he would probably have lived longer ; and while he was often chiding himself because he did not accomplish more, as he looked around on the fields “white for the harvest ;” others saw that he was fast using up those physical powers that so early found the quiet and rest of the grave.

In March, 1846, he writes to a brother minister, “At present we are in very prosperous pleasant circumstances. The Lord is pouring his blessing upon us, in the conversion of souls. Last Sabbath fifteen were admitted to our communion. Others are indulging hopes, and others still are under conviction. My hands, head, and heart, are constantly employed.”

And again to the same :

“PATERSON, *June 11th*, 1846.

“DEAR BROTHER F——:—This morning wife has reminded me of the promise I made when you were here, of a long letter. I presume you are busily engaged examining the stores of knowledge purchased on your recent visit to our great metropolis. Certain I am that you selected books, the contents of which if

thoroughly digested, are adapted to enrich and inform the mind, and to elevate and purify the heart. Many a rich feast undoubtedly you have had from them, and richer repasts are probably in store for you. My own progress, I find, depends more upon my private studies and thoughts than all things else put together.

“In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven and there my God I find.”

My progress since you were here has been rather slow. The ship makes but a few knots an hour. I am now sailing along before rather a dull and gentle breeze. Have you read the slavery discussion in the New School Assembly? It is exceedingly important, and interesting in one point of view. It gives us the moral map of our whole country upon the subject; and that map shows that the nation and church have been, and are now, making progress upon the subject. I still believe that truth and righteousness are yet to triumph gloriously in our country, the Mexican war notwithstanding. The temperance triumph in New York State is another omen for good. ‘The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice.’ Perhaps I may find my way up into your parish next month. I am anxious to visit the coal re-

gions of Pennsylvania. Should I go, will it be consistent for you to make the excursion with me? Let us hear from you soon. Our Heavenly Father blessed us with the gift of a promising, healthy little son, on the 5th instant. Mother is still with us, and doing much to make everything comfortable and agreeable. She will probably remain with us until the first of next month. All join in love to you, your wife, and little L——. Vale Amice.”

“P. S.—T—— brought up the Daguerreotype portrait. Anna exclaimed, ‘Uncle F——!’ and the rest of us thought it a striking resemblance of the bishop.”

Mr. Weed ever remembered the interests of the poor slave, and always hailed with joy any movement that brightened the prospect that the day of his redemption from bondage was drawing nigh; and he was always ready to lend a helping hand to hasten the time of their deliverance, or soften the rigor of their chains. He considered the publishing of the *National Era* at Washington as a token for good, and spent several weeks in New Jersey in soliciting subscribers. A letter, written while absent on this tour, alludes to his success.

SWEEDESBORO, *Dec. 31st*, 1846.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—It is now plain to me that it will be impossible to do up my work in this part of the state and get home this week. I have engaged Brother W—— to supply the pulpit on the coming Sabbath. He will probably arrive in Saturday's two o'clock train. Ask him to attend the session meeting on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in the session room. Get Brother C—— to go with him. I expect now to be home next Wednesday P. M., so as to attend the Bible class in the evening. My journey, thus far, has been a prosperous one. Everything has moved on as happily as I could wish. I meet everywhere with a warm and hearty reception by the friends of the cause, have collected nearly \$100, and expect to get an hundred more before I return. I think of you and our dear little boys every hour in the day. May the Lord bless and enrich your heart with his precious grace, and strengthen you in every good word and work. Father I suppose is some lonesome. Remember my love to him. I trust the Lord will restore me in due season, safe and well to you."

CHAPTER XIV.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS AND DIARY.

“PATERSON, *July 21st*, 1847.

“MY DEAR WIFE:—My first letter was written and sent off in great haste. My object in sending it in such a hurry was that you might get it by Saturday. Since I wrote my health is greatly improved. On the Sabbath I preached only once. The Doctor preached for me in the P. M. This week I have felt unusually well. Though it has been excessively warm, my mind and body have acted their part vigorously. My heart is all astir. I am blessed in calling upon the Lord, and rolling all my burdens and cares upon him. There is fatal sickness among the children here. Last Sabbath we deposited the remains of J. J——’s little babe in the grave with its mother; and the Sabbath before we performed the same office for Mr. T——’s infant daughter, whose

mother died, you will recollect, about the time with Mrs. J——. And yesterday I attended the funeral of Mr. M——'s babe; all died with cholera infantum. I am afraid little Eddy will forget me. May your life and his be precious in the sight of the Lord."

"NEW FOUNDLAND, *August 25th.*

"MY DEAR FATHER:—Your letter was duly received. I was glad to hear from you and Brother H—— and family. Wife and baby are still at her mother's in W——. I expect to go up there with B—— next week. We shall expect to return next month, and shall be ready to receive you; shall have a snug, warm little room for you. My health is good, though I am somewhat worn down with over-labor, and have come up into this hilly region to recruit. Where I am now writing is about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is a beautiful, highly cultivated country. The mountain ranges circle about us in every direction, interspersed with fertile vales and beautiful lakes. All well and prosperous at P——. Pray earnestly for your minister; practice all the good he preaches, and let the bad take care of itself, and you will get along well. If all Christians would do this they would soon have better times, and their ministers would improve."

“PATERSON, *Oct. 4th.*

“DEAR FATHER :—We have a little room fitted up on purpose for you and expect you to come. We do not feel it a burden to have you with us, or to exert ourselves to make you comfortable. We are all as well and prosperous as usual. I find an abundance to do. Enough to use me up every day. The Lord is moving in various ways among the people. We are expecting great things here this fall and winter. Pray for us. All join in love to you, and Brother and Sister H—— and L——.”

The following letter was addressed to a dear brother, just after he was licensed to preach :

“PATERSON, *August 10th, 1847.*

“DEAR BROTHER :—Your letter was received yesterday. I had begun to wonder what you were doing, and was fearful you might be sick. It affords me great satisfaction to learn that your health is improving, and I hope from this moment forward you will keep the strictest vigils over it. Good health is among the most precious of earthly blessings. I cannot tell you, my brother, how my heart has recently yearned over you. I desire to see you an efficient minister of Jesus Christ; a workman

that needeth not to be ashamed ; a polished instrument in the hands of your God. But two things can make you such an one : an entire devotedness to your Master, and a clear and full knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. The attainment of the one, will call for the highest and strictest discipline of the heart. The attainment of the other, the development of the strongest powers of the intellect. Neither will be accomplished without much prayer and divine aid. Permit me to suggest two things as landmarks to guide you in your course. One is, seek not your own things, but the things of Him that sent you.

“ ‘ Is there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see.’ ”

“ I mean in listening to calls to go here or there. Let the *true* inquiry before your mind be, in which of these situations can I be most useful, and best subserve the end of my ministry ? Not what will most advance my personal interests. Alas ! how many are using the ministry as a mere means to a comfortable and a respectable living. And what is their influence but to make the sacred office a hissing and a by-word ? The other suggestion is, be not a mere botanist, or even a gardener on the field of your Lord. Strive to be an extensive

farmer, bringing into the heavenly granary not only a few flowers and esculent plants, but a plentiful harvest of the substantial provisions of life. Do you understand me? I mean, let your sermons be full of truth, of deep and well-adjusted thought, rather than the mere tinsels and flourishes of rhetoric. My own health is good. I expect to visit W—— the first week in September; may go as far as M——. Tell the whole circle of friends I have them in everlasting remembrance.”

“ *August 10th, 1847.*

“DEAR BROTHER F—— :—Yours and L——’s letter was received yesterday. I hasten to reply. No one is at home with me but B——; wife and little Neddy are at mother’s in W——. As I anticipated spending two weeks of September there, it will preclude my accepting your very attractive proposition. It would not do for me to be away from my people four weeks in succession. I am rejoiced that your attention is turned to the close and critical study of the Scriptures. They are truly the fountain of light. All other books are but planetary bodies, refulgent with light, only as they are shone upon by the Bible. One of the grand causes of backsliding and lukewarmness, both in the ministry and in the church, at the

present day, is, that there is so little zeal and enthusiasm in the study of the Scriptures. The mind of the people is diverted, absorbed, and, I had almost said, entirely engrossed by the multiplicity of other books. Why, placed as I am, near the teeming, prolific press, a man needs an iron will to study the Bible systematically and thoroughly; he must be constantly on his watch-tower. Christ's gospel is not known, and consequently its power is not felt. O for a ministry that will devote themselves to the study of the religion of Jesus Christ, with an earnestness and laborious perseverance that characterizes the devotees of science and literature! Had we such a ministry, their influence would thrill through the nation. How little *living* faith is there in God's word! The power of its excellency is neither seen nor felt. Adhere, then, my brother, to your resolution. Study the Bible carefully, self-distrustingly, and reverently; believing and feeling it to be God's pure, unadulterated word. You shall be a man of God, thoroughly furnished unto every good work. You speak of helps in the New Testament. You have Dr. Bloomfield. So far as grammatical criticism is concerned it is invaluable. It, together with Robinson's and Donnegan's Lexicons, and Stewart's Greek Grammar of the

New Testament, (recent edition,) you will have all the helps necessary. Wife's health remains delicate. Our little boys are well. My own health is as good as usual. Why do you not write oftener? Love, in abundance, to you both."

"PATERSON, *Feb. 3d*, 1848.

"DEAR BROTHER:—We were much gratified with the receipt and contents of your letter, and had all things made it right and practicable, we should have been exceedingly happy to have carried out your plan; but circumstanced as we are it could not be done. It is my most busy season of the year; the time, of all others, when I am called upon to exert my utmost energies. The Lord is moving by his Spirit upon the hearts of his people. There are some twenty inquirers in my congregation. We are hoping for a great and good work throughout the town. We have just closed a Union meeting of some four weeks. Professors have been quickened, some souls converted, a great many seriously impressed. And we think, the influence has been very happy upon the community."

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

"*January 1st*, 1848.—Spent the day in writing a sermon on Mark x. 17: 'What shall I do to inherit eternal life?' Visited Brother W. V——. In the evening attended, for a little while, the juvenile concert; spent the remainder of the evening with my family.

"*2d*.—Preached in the morning from Mark x. 17. P. M., visited the Sabbath-school, and administered the communion. Evening, preached at the Union meeting, in the First Presbyterian Church, from 1 Tim. ii. 8. Returned home, and read to my family part of the January No. of the Missionary Herald.

"*3d*.—Spent a season in devotional exercises, according to my usual custom, and read a few pages of 'Neander's Planting and Training.' Wrote several letters. Attended the ministers' meeting at Rev. Mr. S——'s, where it was unanimously agreed to commence a Union protracted meeting next week. This meeting was characterized with great good feeling and harmony of views. Made several pastoral visits, and in the evening attended our usual Monday-evening prayer-meeting. It was a precious meeting.

"*4th*.—Arose early, had a precious season of prayer. Spent the A. M. in reading and

thinking upon evangelical faith. Was much refreshed by the views I obtained. P. M., married a couple, visited several families, and wrote a letter to Dr. B——, of Troy.

“5th.—Studied critically Matthew, third chapter, consulting commentaries and the original. Visited five or six families, and in the evening attended Bible class.

“6th.—Attended the funeral of Mr. S——’s child. Returned home and spent the day in studying and preparing sermons. In the evening attended the weekly prayer-meeting.

“8th.—Spent the most of this day in my study in preparing a sermon on Judges v. 23. Visited the sick. Spent the evening with my family. Received calls from several Christian friends, part of whom spent the evening with us. Had a very agreeable interview.

“9th.—*Sabbath*.—Preached in the morning from Judges v. 23 ; in P. M. from Jer. xxix. 13 ; in the evening I listened to a sermon from Brother D—— on searching the Scriptures. All the exercises of the day were profitable to my soul.

“10th.—Wrote to Brother W—— in reference to the Siam mission ; to Rev. G. C. S—— in reference to the county temperance meeting. Attended the minister’s prayer-meeting. Wrote a short article on temperance for

the 'Intelligencer.' Evening attended Union meeting.

"12th.—Spent the morning in study and writing. P. M. visited several families, and took tea with the ladies of the Sewing Society. On my return found Brother W——, of N——, at my house. In the evening preached from Heb. xii. 13. A full attendance. Wife was quite sick during the night.

"13th.—Arose fatigued and unrefreshed through the want of sleep. Spent a little time with Brother W——. Visited Brother H——. Attended minister's prayer-meeting at 11 A. M. Came home, spent a season in devotion and reviewing my sermon. In the P. M. attended to some business matters. Was unable to make much mental exertion. Attended Union meeting in the evening, it was a precious meeting, the Lord evidently took the lead. Brother H—— preached from John iii. 14, 15. Subject, the lifting up of the Son of Man. All the exercises were impressive.

"14th.—Spent the morning in study. Attended minister's prayer-meeting—had a good meeting. In the P. M. attended the funeral of a colored child. Two women called upon me under deep conviction, desiring conversation upon the subject of religion. Brother

G—— preached in the evening. Text Rom. vii. 13; subject, exceeding sinfulness of sin.

“15th.—Spent the day in preparation for the Sabbath. In the evening attended the Bible class; it was a very precious season. This week was one of great labor, attended with anxiety, naturally growing out of the responsibilities of a minister, when the church are putting forth special efforts. It has also been a week of deep heart-searching and much prayer.

“16th.—Preached in the morning, with much comfort, from Josh. xxiv. 15, middle clause. In the P. M., Heb. x. 29. Union meeting at Free Church, Brother H—— preached; subject, the value of true piety over everything else. Text Luke x. 20. After sermon we had a precious prayer-meeting. It was a good Sabbath.

“17th.—Arose refreshed. Spent the morning in reviewing a sermon to preach in the evening. The minister's prayer-meeting was in my study. It was a precious, profitable season. Took dinner with Brother F——. In the evening preached in the Baptist church from Ps. lvii. 7, ‘My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise.’

“18th.—Suffered much from *ennui* brought on by over labor. Had a precious season at

the prayer-meeting. P. M. called on Sister D—— to express my sympathy with her on the death of her sister; made four other pastoral visits. Brother S—— preached at the Union meeting, from Acts xxvi. 28. The meeting was a very impressive and solemn one.

“19th.—Spent the morning in my study. The prayer-meeting was at Brother L——’s, and the presence of the Lord was manifestly with us. In the P. M. visited three families. The evening I spent at home. Wife and little Eddy are quite sick.

“20th.—Accomplished but little through the day. Completed my sermon on Ps. xxxii. 5. Made three visits among my parishioners; and in the evening attended meeting at the Cross street church, and heard an impressive sermon, by Brother G——, from Ps. cxlii. 4, ‘No man cares for my soul.’

“21st.—This morning I spent in my study. At eleven the minister’s prayer-meeting was held there. It was a season of great refreshing. P. M. called on Brother T——. In the evening preached from Neh. ii. 20. Had freedom in the exercise.

“22d.—Spent the day in my study. In the evening called on Brother C—— and attended my Bible class. Some fifty were present. It

was a most melting, precious season. Evidently, the Spirit of the Lord was with us. This week has been one of great labor, fatigue, and bodily weariness and lassitude. One, too, in which the Lord has searched my heart, shewn me the weakness of my faith, the feebleness of my spiritual life, and how much I need strengthening in every Christian grace. May the Lord fill my soul with all the fullness of Christ.

“23^d.—*Sabbath*.—This morning I awoke refreshed and invigorated. This I consider special grace—my mind in a heavenly, believing frame. In the A. M. I preached from Luke ii. 49, to a large and attentive congregation. The truth took hold. I appointed a meeting of inquiry at half-past one. Eight dear precious youth were present. I had with them a most agreeable season. In the P. M. I preached with liberty from John ix. 4. Evening Brother L—— preached in First Church, to a solemn and attentive audience, from Rom. iii. 5.

“24th.—Spent the morning out. In P. M., at four o'clock attended a prayer-meeting of ministers and officers of the churches. It was a precious season. God was in our midst. In the evening Brother G—— preached in Free

Church, from Hosea xi. 8. Six anxious sinners presented themselves for prayer.

"25th.—Spent most of the day in visiting among my people. At two P. M. had a good season at the prayer-meeting. In the evening Brother L—— preached from Jer. xxiii. 5.

"26th.—Spent an hour-and-a-half in my study in the morning, and the remainder of the A. M. in visiting the anxious. In the P. M. attended minister's prayer-meeting. Spent some time in calling on Christians, and took tea with the sisters at the Sewing Society. Exhorted them to duty, and prayed with them. Left them all bathed in tears. In the evening Brother L—— preached with power from John viii. 24. Four new cases out for prayer.

"29th.—Spent most of the day in study. In the evening married a couple, and attended my Bible class. This week, most of the time, I have been greatly burdened for this town. My own heart has been greatly searched. I see and feel the necessity of the influence of the Divine Spirit in the heart as I have never before realized it. It is only as we have the Holy Ghost in us that we have power over self, the world, and Satan. It is only *then*, too, that we have power with God and man. The ministry and church will never understand

the power of godliness until they understand what it is to be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

“30th.—*Sabbath*.—Preached A. M. to a large and attentive audience, from Heb. iii. 2. At half-past one P. M. had a prayer and inquiry meeting; fifteen precious youth presented themselves as inquirers. The Lord was with us. Preached P. M. from Ps. xxxii. 5. The Lord helped me. In the evening preached at the Second Presbyterian Church, from Phil. iii. 7. A full house and solemn attention. After sermon an interesting prayer-meeting.

“31st.—Arose refreshed. A. M. wrote several letters. Made eleven visits among my people, and in the evening attended a prayer-meeting of my own congregation. It was a precious searching time. The Lord was with us.

“*February 1st*.—Spent the morning in study and the afternoon in visiting. Attended the prayer-meeting of ministers and official members of the churches. Had a good season. In the evening Brother L—— preached in the Baptist Church a solemn, impressive discourse, from Prov. xi. 7. Eleven presented themselves for prayer.

“4th.—Spent the morning in study. Attended the prayer-meeting at 11 at Brother

G——'s. P. M. visited several families. In the evening attended the Union meeting. Brother G—— preached a very appropriate and solemn discourse from 1 Cor. xi. 28. This evening, after four weeks' continuance, the Union protracted meeting was closed. These meetings have evidently been crowned with God's blessing. The closing meeting was a precious melting season.

"5th.—Wrote a letter this morning to Brother P——, and finished my preparations for the Sabbath. Called on Brother W——, and in the evening attended the session meeting. This week has been one of arduous labor and spiritual enjoyment.

"6th.—*Sabbath*.—Preached in the morning from Matt. iii. 7. In the P. M. eighteen or twenty were present at the inquiry meeting at half-past one. The communion season was an exceedingly pleasant, solemn, spiritual season. Called on sick Mr. B——. Married a couple. In the evening Brother H—— preached in the Free Church. A large audience.

"7th.—Arose this morning much debilitated. Visited several families. Attended the funeral of a child. Spent the P. M. with company at home. In the evening conversed with two persons under deep conviction.

"8th.—Did not feel able to do much, visited

some among my people, and in the evening preached from Acts vii. 51, in the Second Presbyterian Church.

"9th.—Spent the morning in study; the P. M. in visiting among my people. Called on some of the youth and conversed with them in reference to their joining the Bible class. Visited the Sewing Society, and in the evening attended the Bible class.

"11th.—Finished my preparation for the Sabbath. Visited five families. In the evening attended a precious prayer-meeting in our Lecture room. Some souls were converted.

"14th.—Saturday, spent most of the day in visiting.

"*Sabbath*.—Preached A. M. from Luke xiv. 18; P. M. from 1 Cor. x. 31. In the evening heard Rev. I. N. Prime preach. This morning I arose in better health than usual. Had a precious season of communion with God and meditating on his word. Received a visit from cousin J. W—— and E——. Went with them to the Falls and to the mills. After they left visited several families, and in the evening went to the inquiry meeting. Eleven were present. Had a precious season with them.

"15th.—Spent the morning in meditation and study. Dined with Brother F——, made

some calls, and returned home to prepare a sermon to preach in the evening. Preached in the Second Church from Matt. xxiii. 37. A good audience out and quite a number of inquirers.

"19th.—Spent the morning in study and part of the P. M. Made several visits. Baptized the child of S. R——. In the evening attended the Bible class. This week, in all my labor and toil, the Lord has been with me. Praised be his name.

"20th.—*Sabbath*.—Preached in the A. M. on unbelief, Mark xvi. 16, to a good and attentive congregation. In the P. M. from Matt. v. 3. In the evening attended the Sabbath evening Union meeting at Manchester in Brother D——'s church. Brother L—— preached an impressive sermon upon glorifying God, from 1 Cor. x. 31.

"23d.—Spent the morning, as usual, in my study. Had a very vivid view of the sinner's danger, and the immense difficulties in the way of the soul being saved. Wrote several letters. Visited several families. Went to the Sewing Society and in the evening heard Father O—— preach in my church. Wife very ill.

"24th.—Arose invigorated with balmy sleep. Found my heart ready to follow after God, his

tion of the day in preparing a sermon on the perilous condition of the sinner. Attended the prayer-meeting at four P. M. A goodly number present, but Christians not awake, as they should be. In the evening attended meeting in my own church, and preached the sermon mentioned above. A solemn and attentive congregation, and the Spirit evidently accompanied the truth.

“25th.—Arose this morning with more than usual vigor. Family generally well. Wife much better. What a rich blessing is health! I feel to consecrate myself anew to the work of God.

“28th.—Have been greatly oppressed all the day from *ennui* occasioned by the fatigue of my Sabbath labors. P. M. made some visits. Evening attended inquiry meeting. Some twenty precious youth present. It was a precious meeting, and I think a sealing time.

“*March 4th.*—Spent most of the day in preparing a sermon. Dr. Bradley, of the Siam mission, came to spend the Sabbath with me. Attended the session meeting in the evening. Seven were examined preparatory to uniting with the church. They gave very good evidence of a saving change. The week truth, and righteousness. Spent a large por-

has been one of weariness, still I have had many precious views of truth and my Saviour.

“5th.—*Sabbath*.—Felt more strength and health than I anticipated. My stomach was, however, very sore. Brother Bradley preached for me in the morning. I was much interested and edified. P. M. I had my Bible class, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Seven united with the church. In the evening Dr. B—— gave an interesting account of the Siam mission, and a collection of \$13 was taken up.

CHAPTER XV.

EXTRACT FROM LETTERS UP TO THE TIME OF HIS
PROTRACTED ILLNESS.

“PATERSON, *March 12th*, 1848.

“DEAR BROTHER—Your letter has been duly received. It affords me the highest pleasure to hear of your success and prosperity. You had delayed writing so long, that I began to fear that things might be going wrong with you. As you pass on in your ministry, you will feel more and more the need of God’s spiritual aid—of that holy unction spoken of so often, and with so much enthusiasm, by the apostle John. Without it, our ministrations are comparatively powerless. We must not be satisfied with simply gaining the esteem and good will of our people. We must lift our prayers, and concentrate all our energies for their conversion and growth in grace. ‘*He that winneth souls is wise.*’ It is my prayer that God may make your ministry

abundantly fruitful, to the praise and glory of his name. The past winter has been to me one of excessive labor. As soon as we got through our temperance enterprise, we commenced a union effort for a revival. We went from church to church, and alternated in our preaching. We had a ministers' prayer-meeting every day. Prayer meeting at 7 P. M., preaching at 8, and prayer meeting at the close. These meetings continued four weeks. They were attended with very beneficial effects, but not with the power we had anticipated. Still, a goodly number were converted, and a general seriousness distilled over the town.

"At our last communion seven united with the church on profession, and quite a number more are indulging hopes. At my inquiry meeting, last Monday evening, nineteen were present. Our union meetings, on Sabbath evening, are kept up with great interest. The Lord is evidently with us.

"As I expected, our license law has all gone by the board. We shall not, however, let the subject sleep, but are determined to agitate the matter more thoroughly than ever. Wife's health remains very poor. The children are well. Benny grows like a 'weed.' Eddy is healthy and full of play and roguery. Little Albert is

a quiet, good-tempered, intelligent child, and grows very fast. Father is well, improves very fast in his studies and theological knowledge, writes sermons, but will not read them to me for fear I may laugh at them. When he goes to M. I expect he will be willing to preach them. My own health is good at present. I feel encouraged in my work. I am aware that I know but little about preaching, but I live in hope, and efforts to improve. I have preached so much this winter that it would take a sheet, almost, to give you an index of my sermons."

" *May 2d.*

"DEAR T——: I have been expecting to hear from you ere this. I suppose, however, that you are now beginning practically to understand the burdens of the ministry, and feel the weight of responsibility. On this behalf I have one thing to say for your consolation. It is, as you grow in strength and influence, these responsibilities and burdens will increase; and that if you would be abundantly useful, you must neither sigh after nor expect any resting place on earth. Poor consolation this, you say. Not so bad as you may think. Our aim should be, work! work! Our prayer, for grace and strength equal to our day.

‘Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee.’ All unite in love to you, L—and the little boys.”

“PATERSON, *July 3d.*

“DEAR BR. T.:—Your letter was duly received, and also father’s, giving us an account of his safe arrival and his pleasant situation. Yesterday I laid the matter before my church, of my being absent from them some six weeks. They voted unanimously to let me go. I have made arrangements for supplying my pulpit most of the time—shall before leaving, do so for the whole time. We are now expecting to leave Wednesday or Thursday of next week. Shall spend the first Sabbath in Troy, on Monday go on to Whitestown, where we expect to stay until the latter part of the subsequent week, which will bring us to your place Friday or Saturday of the last week in July.

“During the last week we have had a most destructive fire in our town. On Tuesday morning last, about two o’clock, the Oldhorn works took fire. In a few minutes that immense building was all in flames. The wind blew towards the Episcopal church, which, with Congress Hall, the upper story of S. Pope’s large brick house, and the engine house, were all destroyed, and other buildings

were more or less injured. The loss of property will probably amount to some \$100,000. But the most afflicting of all is, Mr. R. Smith, the owner of the flax mill, perished in the flames. He was in the Episcopal church, helping to remove the organ, when the wall fell, prostrating him and enveloping him in the flames. Several others barely escaped with their lives. Thus you see, 'in the midst of life we are in death.'"

"PATERSON, *July 11th.*

"DEAR BRO. F——: Your letter was received yesterday. We were very sorry to hear that your health was so precarious. Do not you think that your spinal marrow is affected, and that it would be well to take a course of treatment in reference to that? All your symptoms, as described in your letters, lead me to suppose the seat of your disease is in the spine. The 'water treatment,' I think, would be beneficial. I doubt not a thorough course of hydropathy would greatly benefit you. There is a very good establishment at Orange, in our State. We are just on the eve of going west. On Thursday next we intend to leave here with all our family, and not return until the 1st of September. Expect to visit Oneida, Oswego, and Jefferson Counties, N. Y. We have all

been rather under the weather during the spring and summer. The children have had the measles, which has left their little systems in a bad state. I think, however, they are recovering. Wife is very feeble, and my own health quite precarious. I have not time to give you my own opinion in reference to the stirring events of the times, to which you allude in your letter. I see in them the hand of our adorable God, furthering his counsels, as declared in his holy word. To my mind the great clock of the world has struck, showing us what time it is in the cycle of God's designs towards the human family. As to the final results I have no doubt that all will be well. I have the fullest and sweetest confidence in the overruling providence of Heaven. 'All things are by the decree of the Holy Watchers.' My duty is simply to wait upon God, and to be ready to come and go at his bidding, but not to lay a finger upon his government. Let his counsels and his plans stand. And may the Lord grant that we may all sweetly repose ourselves in his hands."

During Mr. Weed's absence on the journey mentioned in the foregoing letters, he received a call from a church in A——, Ohio. The

following letter refers to it, and to his return to his people:—

“PATERSON, *Sept.* 25, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER:—You are undoubtedly anxious to hear from me. I was sorry to be obliged to hurry along so, without having time to communicate to you the results of my visit to Ohio. I was cordially received, and during my three days' stay, passed through most of the congregation. I was pleased with the people. The congregation on the Sabbath was large and the attention good. The parsonage house is a good one, resembling in its construction yours. Connected with it is a farm of eighty acres, fifteen cleared and under good cultivation. If I will go there they will put the house in first rate order, give me the use of it and the land, and five hundred dollars. But leaving this matter, I will give you an account of my return home. Our passage from M—— to R—— was a watery one. But we, however, had a good berth, and got through well. Our stage companions were agreeable, and conversation was kept up with profit and spirit. In the morning I hired a man to take me to W——. Found wife and children unusually well. For the sake of her seeing her sister, who is expected from Ohio

soon, I consented to their remaining there a few weeks longer; and taking E——, I got aboard the 11 o'clock train and pursued my way to Troy. Bro. B—— went on to Pater-son to preach the next day for me, and I remained at Troy over the Sabbath and preached for him. I am gaining strength and flesh. My people had anticipated my return, with enthusiastic joy. The ladies had cleaned the church from top to bottom, and had it painted inside and out. A new carpet, new chairs, and a new table, and every thing as neatly arranged as good taste could devise. On the Sabbath I was greeted with an overflowing congregation. I chose for my text, Acts xxviii. 15; 'And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns: whom when Paul saw, he thanked God and took courage.' I first spoke of the greatness of the gospel minister's work; 2d, of its difficulties; 3d, of its encouragements, among which I referred to the expressed confidence and affection of his Christian brethren, which so rejoiced and strengthened the heart of Paul. The application you will perceive. Since my return, my heart has been all melted down. The goodness of God has been so conspicuous towards me and my people, during my ab-

sence, I am overpowered with a sense of it. Had I been a king or a prince, passing through the land, I could not have been better treated, and my every want more richly and fully supplied. Truly he has caused me to ride upon his high places, and fed me with the heritage of Jacob.

‘Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move,
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.’

Though sickness has prevailed in our town, and many have been cut down, but a single one (a child) in our congregation has fallen. The angel of the Lord has encamped about our dwellings, and his protecting shield has been over them. My brother, praise God in my behalf. My visit with friends has been very refreshing. I shall write father before long. My abounding love to you all. Write soon.”

“PATERSON, *Nov. 6th*, 1848.

“MY DEAR FATHER—After so long a time I have taken my pen to address you. Such has been the constant pressure of my pastoral duties, I have had no time to do it before. As usual, my whole being is occupied with the

work and cares of my station. Since my return my health has been very good. I trust, with due care, and proper observance of physical laws, that my life and health will be spared unto me. My family are with me now, and are all enjoying good health. We think our journey and visiting have done us all great good. We have returned to our field of labor with better health, and a keener relish for our work. We hope the Lord will hear our prayer, and build up his cause in our midst. At present, religion is at a very low ebb. The power of godliness is not felt, although the forms of worship are tolerably well attended to. My congregations on the Sabbath are large and attentive. I have returned a negative reply to my call from A——. They insisted upon my coming this fall, and to have left thus suddenly would have been a heavy blow to this congregation, and especially so soon after my long absence. The trustees and elders of the church here, expressed it as their opinion, that it would be the ruin, almost, of the church. In addition, the labor and peril of removing my family at this inclement season of the year, so far, and the excitement of settling down and forming new acquaintances, appeared to me a work greater than my health would be equal to. I feel happy in my de-

cision, and think the Lord has directed in reference to it. I believe, with due care, I shall be able to discharge my duty successfully to this congregation. I have purchased me a horse and wagon; my object is for my own and my family's health. I find that exercise on horseback is very beneficial.

“My dear father, I am aware that you have arrived to that period of life, in which you are called to endure peculiar trials, and you need peculiar grace to sustain you. To look toward the setting sun is not so joyous as to behold its rising splendors. The fading away of the light of day affords a melancholy pleasure, but its morning approach exhilarates as well as pleases. So it is with the morning and evening of life. The pleasures of old age are of a sad and melancholy cast. The grave and eternity stand continually in view. The morning and noon of life are past, and the shades of night are gathering about; and, as its dark mantle begins to hang over you, the conscious certainty, that so far as the scenes and enjoyments of earth are concerned, it must grow darker and darker, naturally heightens the gloom and increases the melancholy. Every thing seems to proclaim to the aged, ‘I must decrease.’ Under these circumstances nothing can buoy up the spirits but beholding

with an eye of faith the things that are unseen and eternal, and which makes to the soul, all the promises of God to his saints, '*yea and amen.*' If the Holy Spirit shed abroad the love of God in the heart, it will render the aged man cheerful and happy; and though to his bodily senses, all the 'sons of pleasure are brought low,' his heart will triumph in grace, and his countenance be radiant with the joys of salvation. It is my prayer that you may be comforted with the exceeding great and precious consolations of the gospel. Will you write soon? All join in love to you."

"PATERSON, *Feb. 5th*, 1849.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—Your letter was duly received, and I regret the necessity of having neglected to answer it so long. My excuse is the multiplicity of business, and a rather feeble state of health. My chest troubles me some, especially when I apply myself to writing or hard study. In other respects I am vigorous. Since my return my labors have been very great, and I see nothing ahead but work! work! I trust, however, I shall exercise more wisdom hereafter in performing it. Things at present are assuming, in my congregation, a more encouraging aspect. Yesterday was a very solemn day with us. The

preached word seemed to produce an unusual effect, and in the evening we had a very impressive conference and prayer-meeting. This week we are to have a prayer and conference meeting every evening. I have visited nearly all the brethren of the church, and pledged them to attend. We expect the presence of the Lord with us. Death has been in our midst, and removed several of our members. Last week we buried Mrs. S. Miller, and Mrs. J. McLaughlin. Br. C—— has been confined to his house with a broken leg, the last three months. He suffered greatly, but bore it like a Christian, and I trust it has been a spiritual blessing to him. Wife's health is better than usual this winter. The children are remarkably well. Little A—— has become a fine active boy, runs about, and tries to talk. We have had an unusual amount of sleighing here this winter. We were sorry to hear that you had been so unwell. You must not, however, look on the dark side, but trusting in God, submit to the infirmities of age. Be as cheerful and happy as possible. The people here remember you with affection. All the family send love."

"PATERSON, *Feb. 5th*, 1849.

"DEAR T——: I am anxious to hear from

you, and of the work of the Lord in your midst. By this time you are becoming familiar both with the labors and the consolations of the minister of the gospel. You find it a life of care, of toil and anxiety; but, at the same time, a work that angels might rejoice to be occupied in. I trust you love the work, and are every day improving in skill and power to perform it. Of course I know how to sympathize with you, and I am glad you are beginning to do so with me. I should like to write you a long letter, but my weak stomach will not allow it. I think I have been improving in knowledge and in spirit, since my return. I hope I think less and less of self, and more of God and his cause. It was hard work to get things up here, after I came home from my tour last summer. But they are beginning to move now, and I hope the work of the Lord will prosper."

"PATERSON, *July 19, 1849.*

"DEAR BRO. P——:—Your letter came to hand last week. We feel reproved for not having written to you long before. Since you was here my labors have been very great, and my bodily strength feeble. Still, by the grace of God, my health is much the same. I cannot perceive that my strength diminishes. My

church and congregation had got a great ways away from the Lord, and it has been hard work to bring things up again. They seem somewhat revived now. We have for the last two weeks been holding continuous evening meetings, in which I have usually preached a short sermon, and the remainder of the evening has been spent in prayer and conference by the church. We shall (D. V.) continue them through the week. Some have been converted, and many of the brethren and sisters humbled and revived. I rejoice in the blessing poured upon you and your people ; I hope you may hold on your way, better knowing the Lord, and better understanding how to do the work of a gospel minister. What a glorious privilege it is that we can advance, that we may constantly improve in every direction, and that there is no point of excellency, short of absolute infinity, which we may not hope to attain. I think my own heart has made some advance in holiness during the last three months ; but my progress is slow. ‘Enlarge my heart that I may *run* in the way of thy commandments!’ the Psalmist exclaims. Oh, what a great heart it needs to be a holy man ! None but God can make our hearts large enough for such a work ; to be a partaker of the new covenant in the sense of hav-

ing the stony heart taken away, and the law written upon the new heart. It is my desire by day and by night, *Christ*, nothing but *Christ and his fullness*. Pray for me, my brother, that I may be set free from *all* the bonds of sin."

CHAPTER XVI.

SICKNESS—RESIGNS HIS CHARGE—LEAVES PATER-
SON—LETTERS DURING HIS ILLNESS—HOPES AND
FEARS.

A FEW days after the last letter was written, Mr. Weed was entirely prostrated by the disease that had been for months undermining his health, and he was obliged, suddenly, to suspend all his labors. His sermons that he had commenced for the ensuing Sabbath were never finished. After passing along for some weeks, between the alternations of hope and fear, his strength and the prospect of his ultimate recovery, all the time decreasing, he called together the official members of his church, and tendered to them his resignation. The extent and magnitude of this trial was fully appreciated only by him who was tempted in all points like as we are, that he might become to us, a merciful and gracious High Priest. About the same time he received the

intelligence of the death of his loved and honored father. His letters, in these "Days of trial, days of grief," breathe the meekness and submission of one whose will was swallowed up in the divine will.

"PATERSON, *March 15th*, 1849.

"DEAR BROTHER:—All your letters respecting the sickness and death of our dear father were duly received—greatly are we afflicted by our loss. Every day something meets our eyes to remind us of the departed, and cause our tears freely to flow. The hymns that we sing, the passages of Scripture that we read, are in so many ways associated with father's memory, that we often burst into tears while at our family devotions. Nature bleeds, but the spirit rejoices in the glorious triumphs of grace illustrated in his life and in his death. It would have been a source of great gratification to me could I have been with him in the hour of conflict; I should love to have seen his remains too, before they were deposited in the earth. These things, however, were denied me by my Heavenly Father, and I will not complain. While receiving the heavy tidings through your letters, I was an invalid, with strength so prostrated that I could not read ten lines without distress. I am still very

weak and poor. Have not preached for a month, and do not expect to for months to come. Dr. M. says I must rusticate six months, at least, or make up my mind to go to the 'hospital for incurable invalids.' I shall leave this field of labor the first of May—*that is all settled*. I have tendered my resignation, and it has been accepted. What I shall do, or where I shall go, lies at present all in the dark: I shall be also wholly destitute of means. After selling off most of our goods and chattels, I shall be just about even with the world. But I can say with the Apostle Paul, 'None of these things move me, neither do I count my life dear unto myself;' I have the consciousness of having done my duty, and of having acted unselfishly, and though afflicted, I am not depressed in spirits, I was never more cheerful and happy—'Jehovah jireth' is my motto. Pray for us. I have not yet had strength to prepare a notice of father's death; I hope to be able to do so this week; I should like to have a letter soon from you, giving an account of his funeral, &c."

PATERSON, *April 2nd*.

"DEAR BROTHER:—I have deferred answering your last letter solely because I have not had strength to do so. For the last four weeks

my position has been near death's door, and I am but little, if any better at present; I am feeble as an infant; it wearies me to put on and off my garments; I do not pretend to do anything in an intellectual way; I cannot read five minutes without distress. Notwithstanding all this, I suffer but little severe pain; my disease appears passive rather than active: how it will eventuate my Heavenly Father only knows. My mind has been kept cheerful and happy; I have had no gloomy or despondent feelings. My people, and the whole community, seem to sympathize deeply with me; I have resigned my charge, and if strong enough, shall leave here the first of May. As to your coming on here I know not what to say; I should like much to see you, and sometimes think unless you do come soon, I shall never see you again in the flesh. Yet, when I think of your engagements and responsibilities, and the expense the journey will involve, I cannot ask you to come. Should you, upon the whole, think it best, I should like to have you come the last of the month, so that you might help me in settling up my affairs, and in moving. Unless I improve rapidly, I shall not be able to do anything in those matters. My friends here advise my going to a water cure establishment; Dr. M—— also advises

the same ; I shall probably do so if I can raise the means. A week from to-day our people have a donation party at the church on our behalf. Wife's health is pretty good, and she nurses me with great care and tenderness. The children are all very well."

All the arrangements were made for Mr. Weed to leave P—— the first of May. His horse and carriage and household goods were sold, and with the avails of them, all his arrearages were settled up, so that after fourteen years of self-denial and toil, as a minister of the gospel, he found himself as empty-handed as when he began. But now he was sick, with a helpless little family looking up to him as their protector and provider. Still his confidence in Him, who hears the young ravens when they cry, for a moment faltered not. As preparations were being made for the removal of his family, to find their home in the "Wide, wide world," his wife wishing to know if his faith faltered, said to him, "Don't you wish that you had given away less, and been more provident for the future—how nice it would be now if we had a little home to go to?" "*No*," he answered, with emphasis, "no, I think I have

done as God would have me do, and now I believe he will make me an example of what he would do for his people and his ministers, *if they would put their trust in him.*"

About two hundred dollars was the result of the donation visit, mentioned as being anticipated in his last letter. This was all his earthly dependence when he left P——, but the result proved that, as a child of God, he did not trust his Heavenly Father in vain. When the first of May came, his strength was so much reduced that he could not walk across the room without assistance, and many fears were entertained that he could not survive his journey. When he reached Jersey City he was so exhausted that he was thought by some of the friends who accompanied him to be in a dying state. But the sea-breeze and a few hours rest revived him, so that he endured the remainder of his journey, a distance of some three hundred miles, better than was anticipated. Weak as an infant, he was obliged to be carried from one conveyance to another in the arms of his attendants. His subsequent letters, sometimes by his own hand, and sometimes by the hand of another, give an epitome of the changes and trials through which he passed, and of the triumphs of grace in his case.

“HYDROPATHIC HALL, RICHLAND,
July 3rd, 1849.

“DEAR BROTHER C——: It is now two months since we parted. Undoubtedly you anticipated hearing from me before this, and are anxious to know my state. My health has been so poor, that I have not been able to write myself, and I have required so much attention from my friends, that, with their own responsibilities, they have not had the time to conduct my correspondence. The consequence has been, I have had but few letters written to my friends. My journey from New York to O—— greatly exhausted me, still there was vitality enough to re-act, and, for a few days, I seemed to be on the gain, when my disease assumed a new form; my face and limbs began to bloat, and a watery deposit also formed in my lungs, which I was obliged to cough off. My whole person became exceedingly bloated; you would not have known me.

“About ten days since, I commenced the water treatment. I obtained admittance into this establishment, with the unenviable distinction out of thirty-five patients, of being the most hopeless and feeble of them all. But the treatment, which has been very prompt and active, has taken hold of me with decidedly favorable success. The doctor thinks there is

no doubt of my ultimate recovery, unless some untoward event should intervene. At the same time it is probable I shall not be able to do anything for my own or my family's support for twelve months, and my expenses have been, and still are, very great. Now, Brother C., will you make my case known to my Christian friends, with whom I have been associated for the last six or seven years, and get them to do for me as they think best. It is exceedingly trying for me to make this proposition; but you are aware that I have always labored for a small salary, and in churches that were struggling for an existence, and that this has required me to practice great self-denial, to live sparingly, and give liberally. During the last eleven years of my ministry, I can count up eleven hundred dollars, that I have given away in large sums to benevolent objects. Whilst the small sums that I have distributed here and there, have been numerous. The consequence has been, that I have been unable to lay up anything. Say to dear Brother W—— that his kind visit on board the boat, and generous gratuity, so overcame me at the time, that I was not able to express to him my thanks. Say to Doctor B—— that I feel under great obligation to him for his kindness, and that his prescriptions

were of great value to me. I have suffered greatly ; but my Heavenly Father has kept my mind in perfect peace ; I have not had one complaining feeling against Divine Providence, neither have I been depressed. I have felt to leave my case wholly in the hands of the Lord, and to say, ‘Thy will be done.’ Through His grace, thus far, I have not fainted under this rebuke, and I trust I shall not. As I was not able to write myself, I have been obliged to employ the hand of another.”

“*July 27th, 1849.*

“DEAR BROTHER C——: Your long-expected, and more than welcome letter, came duly to hand. I think it did me more good than any other letter I ever received. The hearty and tender sympathy, and deep interest manifested and expressed in it for me in my present chastened and afflicted state, on your own part, and that of your dear church, and of the brethren of the association, was grateful and exceedingly refreshing to my soul. Though we can live without human sympathy—shut up only to God, yet, when it does come, and we know it is hearty, it is to the spirit like the genial showers of summer to the thirsty earth. I feel to praise God for this new manifestation of love to me. I wish to express to you also my

thanks for the pecuniary aid you sent me. It came to me in a most acceptable time. My cruse of oil was nearly exhausted ; what you sent me has replenished it. It is four weeks to day since I came here, during that time I have been greatly benefitted. The bloat has nearly left my body, and my countenance is assuming its natural color. My strength is returning as rapidly as could be expected ; and, though still weak, it is my abiding belief that I shall be spared to do something more for my Redeemer's cause on earth. I was exceedingly glad to hear that the presence of the Spirit is manifest in your assemblies, and that you have been cheered in your labors by additions to your church. My prayer is, that the Lord may continue his mercy in this respect ; and that he may preserve yourself and your family, and the members of your sanctuary, from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon day. My own mind is calm and peaceful, stayed upon the Lord. My power to read and meditate is beginning to return. It is precious to be able once more to study the oracle of God. For five months I have not been able to read at all, or to fix my attention upon any subject continuously. Remember me most affectionately to the people of your charge. I

have always felt a living interest in them. Much love to sister C——. Adieu.”

“ RICHLAND HYDROPATHIC HALL,
Sept. 5th, 1849.

“DEAR BROTHER F——: You have undoubtedly looked for a letter from some of us ere this. I have written to my friends as I have had strength; but have not been able as yet to write to all whom I know wish to hear from me, and who have peculiar claims upon me. Probably you hardly expected I should be in the land of the living at this time. My state, when you parted with me at P——, did not indicate that I had many days to spend on earth. I was very weak then, but became still weaker after I reached W——, until the dropsy set in, and I became very much bloated; my lips and hands were white as chalk, and I was so weak I could not walk across the floor without help. At this juncture I concluded to try the Water treatment, and accordingly entered the establishment from which I date, nine weeks ago; and I hope in two or three weeks more to be able to leave here and travel. By the recommendation of my physician, I expect to spend some six or eight weeks in visiting my friends, travelling in my own conveyance. What is to be our future destination I do not

know; I think a mild climate will be better for me, than a severe one. The question has arisen in my mind, whether there may not be a destitute congregation in your vicinity, that I might supply during the winter. If I am prospered, I hope to be able to preach by the first of January. I do not intend to apply myself to study during the winter; I shall avail myself of former study, and not preach more than two or three times in the week. Preaching has never seemed to hurt me, like close and long continued study. We have thought some of taking our little family and going to Ohio. Wherever we go, we expect to travel in our own conveyance, and take our children with us. You may wish to know how we are getting on for funds; our cruse of oil has not yet run out, though it is pretty low. Owing to my very severe sickness, our expenses have been very great; I have received some aid from my eastern Christian friends, which has enabled me to get along thus far, comfortably. What is to be the future in this respect, does not yet appear. I have no fear that my Heavenly Father will suffer me to want. During the last six months I have been called to suffer greatly; but, during it all, my mind has been kept in perfect peace and quiet. I have been sweetly resigned to the divine will. This is of

the Lord, and I thank Him for it. Much love to yourself and family."

"RICHLAND, *Sept. 11th*, 1849.

"DEAR BROTHER C——: My health continues to improve. This morning I felt more like my former self than I have since I have been sick. I hope in a few months to be able to do something for the support of myself and family. I hope in some three weeks more I shall be able to leave here, with my system wholly renovated; if I do, I shall be almost like one raised from the dead. I feel that my afflictions have done, and are doing, me good. The world and all its pleasures never appeared to me more insipid, and God and his truths more grand and glorious. I long once more to preach the glorious gospel. It never appeared to me more precious."

"RICHLAND, *Sept. 13th*, 1849.

"MY DEAR WIFE:—I took your letter from the office to-day, soon after it came in. I was rejoiced to learn that you had a safe and prosperous journey, and were so cordially received by your friends. I have felt a solicitude to hear from you all the week. I was apprehensive you might have considerable trouble with the children, arriving as you did, at so late an

hour in the evening. I was afraid too that you or the children might contract violent cold, by the exposure. I hope you will do what you can to improve your health. Since you left, I think I have steadily improved. The bloat, so far as I can perceive, has entirely disappeared from my whole system. My cold and cough are almost entirely gone. Were my digestion what it should be, I should think myself healed, and though my bowel complaint continues, I daily gain strength. I think I shall meet you at W—— a week from next Saturday, or the following Monday. Should anything occur to prevent, I will write and let you know. I like your suggestion—the same thing suggested itself to my own mind. Had we a home, I think I could practice the water treatment, exercise on horseback, and otherwise, so as to recruit my strength, equally as well as here. While I have been writing, the doctor brought me in a letter from Brother W——, containing \$20. Remember me affectionately to your friends. Kiss the dear little boys for me.”

“ RICHLAND, *Sept. 18th.*

“ Last Sabbath eve I was attacked with a violent diarrhœa, which has continued until the present. I am, however, much better this

morning. Still it has weakened me, and made it necessary that I should be very careful of my diet, and guard against over exertion ; consequently, I shall not meet you as I anticipated. I think the exertion will be too much for me. I think you had better return here next Wednesday week. so that we can have Thursday to pack our things, and be ready for an early start Friday morning."

"Sept. 23rd.

"Your letter I received Saturday eve. I was glad to hear from you and the children. My heart cleaves to you, as my great earthly treasures ; enhanced in value by the fact that you are immortal, and that we shall have an eternal interest in each other. You express sorrow that you could not be with me last week. I am right glad you were not here. Your company, sympathy, and attention would have been very precious and grateful to me ; but it would have been purchased at great expense to you. You would probably have over exerted yourself. So I think what has been, is best. Last week was one of the most severe and trying I have experienced. Yesterday I had a very bad, discouraging day. Last night I rested sweetly, and this morning I am much better. All my symptoms

are improved. I have just received a letter from Brother F——; he thinks I had better not think of trying to do anything this fall and winter, and gives us a cordial invitation to spend the winter with them. Brother P—— has also written, informing me of their safe arrival at their beloved home. Brother C—— and family have escaped the desolating scourge, and are now well, at their own home in Sandusky city. R. M—— lies at the point of death. He may be dead while I write; it will be a dreadful blow to the family.”

Mexicoville, Oct. 3rd, 1849.

“DEAR BROTHER C——:—No language can express the grateful feelings I have towards you for the interest you have taken in my case, and the exertions you have put forth in my behalf during my affliction. It has strengthened and refreshed my spirit exceedingly. I have no doubt, the Great Shepherd of the sheep, will abundantly reward you for this your kindness to one of his unworthy little ones. The aid and sympathy of my dear Christian brethren and sisters in the Lord have been to me a source of great comfort and consolation; it has made me feel that the Lord has given me a memorial in their hearts, that their love is not in word and tongue, but in deed

and in truth. I could not have got along without their aid, and what I have received has been nearly equal to my expenses, so that the supply and the demand have been almost exactly balanced. The articles of clothing you sent me are just what I wanted, and are excellent fits. Since I last wrote you I have passed through a good deal of suffering. I have been covered with boils and sores. The bloat has entirely left me, but it has left me a perfect skeleton, literally nothing but skin and bones. By careful nursing and great prudence on my part, I think I shall recover. I have got now where the very active treatment is not needed; indeed it is required to be suspended. The treatment I am now taking is very simple, and can be taken at home as well as anywhere else. I have therefore left the Hall, hired some apartments in this place, where we can get our little family together, and live on less than it would cost me individually at the Hall. I have confidence that our temporal wants will be supplied. The goodness of our Heavenly Father in this respect during my sickness has been wonderful—contemplating it often causes me to shed tears. For the last few weeks I have been enabled to use my mental faculties more, and consequently have enjoyed the truth more. Indeed, my whole soul has been filled

with the most precious and endearing views of the Saviour; I have dwelt with great delight upon the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of John's Gospel.

"*October 10th.*—I commenced this letter a week since, but was obliged to suspend its completion on account of weakness. For a day or two I despaired of life—all seemed lost—it was the regular crisis. Through the goodness of God, however, it has terminated on the side of health. I feel that the Rubicon is passed, and that I shall get well. My expectations may be too sanguine—a mistake in treatment, or a little imprudence in eating or exercise, might send me quickly to the grave."

"MEXICOVILLE, *Nov. 17th, 1849.*

"DEAR BRO. C——:—Your last was duly received, and should have been answered before, but I have to treat you, as I treat all my friends, to write to them as I have time and strength. You have no idea what an effort it is for me to write, even a short letter. It has sometimes been ten or twelve days together, that I could not make any continued intellectual effort. Oh, to have the spirit thus restrained and chained by feeble flesh, is slavery indeed! I think I practically understand Rom. viii. 18–23. For the last six or seven days I

have been gaining again more rapidly. I hope by prudence I may continue to do so. My expectations have, however, been so grievously disappointed heretofore, that I dare not speak with much confidence. These chronic complaints are inveterate things—may the Lord grant that you may never be seized with the bony, clammy fingers of any of their numerous tribe. You are still heaping fresh obligations upon me. May the Lord reward you an hundred fold. I think we have commenced housekeeping since I last wrote you. Our place is narrow and somewhat inconvenient, still we are very comfortable, and I trust duly thankful that we have even a little spot that we can call home. After six months scatteration, we can appreciate that ‘there is no place like home.’ We live plain and economically. Our resources, for the future, are small. How what we shall need is to be raised, we know not, but feel sweetly to trust in that good Providence who has so bountifully supplied all our wants heretofore. Though shut up and restrained by feeble flesh, my mind is not altogether inactive. I think I am daily increasing in the knowledge of the Lord, and I hope also in his grace.

“*November 26th.*—Since I wrote you last my health has continued to improve, and the prospect now is of a complete recovery. I am

still troubled with my original disease, the parent of all my ills, the irritation of the mucous membrane of my stomach; but notwithstanding this, I am gaining flesh and strength every day. The doctor thinks, as my general health improves, this will wear away. We are happy and comfortable in our little home. Though short of funds at present, we can trust our Heavenly Father."

"MEXICOVILLE, *Jan. 22d*, 1850.

"DEAR BRO. C—— :—For some eight or ten days I have been endeavoring to summon energy to write to you. This morning, as I felt better than usual, I had made up my mind to do so to-day, when your somewhat unexpected epistle, with the enclosed \$15, was brought in. I have not room, time nor power, to express to you the gratitude I feel to you, for your attention to, and considerate care of my wants, in these my days of protracted illness. The Lord will reward you for it. And I wish you to return my hearty thanks to those who have ministered of their substance to my necessities. I am making some progress toward health. But my stomach does not heal, and since the dropsy left me I have suffered much from mucous inflammation. My stomach is sore and my mouth is raw. My lungs are sound and appetite good. I suppose

my disease is a simple uncomplicated case of 'chronic Gastritis.' It is the opinion of physicians here, and it is my own opinion, that a sea voyage to Florida, the West Indies, or Rio Janeiro, would effect in me a complete cure. Nothing but the want of funds hinders my taking the voyage at once. All things have been shaping themselves of late, to favor my going. Four weeks ago my funds were reduced to forty-four cents; my flour and wood were nearly out, and myself lacking several articles of clothing, indispensable to my going abroad. Since then I have received \$60 in cash, the garments I needed most, and provisions in the line of food, enough to last us until the first of April, with the exception of meat and milk. Though afflicted, feeble, and chained on every hand, my mind is kept in perfect peace; I indulge in no anxiety as to the future. Whatever is the allotment of Providence, I shall be content. I sympathize with you in all your labors, trials and success, and do not forget you at a throne of grace."

"MEXICOVILLE, *Jan. 23d.*

"DEAR BRO. F——:—Your letter, with the enclosed \$15, came duly and safely to hand, We were glad to hear from you, and thankful for your bounty; at the same time we feel

pained to be obliged to receive charity from our friends, and fearful lest your bounty to us might embarrass and distress yourself. I am afraid, dear brother, that you have been more liberal to us than you can afford. I know it is said in the scriptures, that 'he that soweth bountifully, shall also reap bountifully.' I am still a poor feeble man; my prospects for immediate recovery are exceedingly dull. My original disease, 'Gastritis,' clings to me with the pertinacity of a lion to his prey. I think it very probable the dropsy may set in again and carry me off. The will of my Heavenly Father be done. I indulge in no anxieties for the future. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' 'Give us this day our daily bread,' 'Jehovah Jireth.' Though there is a great and wonderful change in our circumstances, we are happy and contented. We have not suffered for want of any of the common comforts of life. Though our resources have at all times been small, our measure of meal and cruse of oil have not failed. We trust they will not. Love to you all, and a heart full of gratitude."

"MEXICOVILLE, *Feb. 26th.*

"DEAR COCHRAN:—Your letter came to hand Saturday evening. It found me not so well as when I wrote to Dr. B——. Indeed, I

am considerably weaker now than I was then. The physicians, however, advise me to prosecute my intended journey east; to take it in easy stages, as my strength will admit. Mrs. W—— will accompany me, to nurse and wait on me. If the journey should do me good, and the change of climate and sea-breeze be favorable in its effects upon me, she will return in a few weeks; if not, I shall return with her. Will you take pains to find us a room in some good boarding-house, on the first floor, where we can have a bed and fire; it injures me very much to go up and down stairs. I wish its location may be near the public stages. It is our intention to start on Thursday, the 28th inst., expecting to reach New York to-morrow week. Will you oblige us by meeting us at the landing with a suitable carriage, to conduct us to our lodgings. If we do not meet you there we shall venture to go directly to your house."

CHAPTER XVII.

LEAVES MEXICOVILLE—GOES TO NEW YORK—
HEALTH IMPROVES—SAILS FOR LIVERPOOL.

MR. WEED, whose strength had again commenced failing very rapidly, left Mexicoville, as anticipated, intending to go to New York for the benefit of the sea air, and medical advice. He had been so well at one time, during his stay in M., that he preached several times for his brother, though the exertion was no doubt a great detriment to his health. When he was ready to start on his journey he could not walk across the room without fainting, and was carried out of his house in a chair, and in that helpless state was lifted into the stage, the last of February, and when the roads were very unsettled. Some of his friends felt, that in all probability, he was leaving his home to die on the way. But as he believed, directed by Providence, he had decided

upon the best course to pursue, with the submission and trust of a child, he left the result with his Heavenly Father. He was much exhausted by his journey, and for some days there seemed to be but a step between him and death. A council of physicians was called, who expressed only a faint ray of hope, which was based almost entirely on his own hopefulness of his case. But his hour had not yet come—the medicine and sea-air acted like a charm, and once more his friends were elated with the hope of his ultimate restoration to health and usefulness. It was decided, that all things considered, his continued residence in New York was desirable. Apartments were accordingly obtained there, and his family removed thither the first of May. The last of May, he penned the following letter to his brother:—

“NEW YORK, *May 30th*, 1850.

“MY DEAR BROTHER:—I have delayed writing to you, a long time, simply because I have lacked the energy to address myself to the effort. My disease has produced such a general feeling of lassitude, and such inability to engage in any protracted mental effort, that it really seems to me a herculean task to write a short friendly letter. My health has gradually improved ever since I came to the city. The

homeopathic remedies have acted with greater power than the water practice, and with almost infinitely less labor and suffering. My symptoms are altogether better than they have been, at any previous period of my sickness. I can ride all over the city, and walk half a mile without injury. We have now got settled, have a comfortable residence, and feel happy in our situation. The Lord is still dealing with us with a kind and bountiful hand ; thus far all our wants have been supplied, and we have no reason to fear that they will not continue to be. I find it exceedingly trying to be laid aside so long, to be nothing but a dead dog, when such stirring events are constantly transpiring around me, and when the harvest is so ripe and so abundant, and the call for laborers so urgent. To be thus laid aside, is the most trying part of my affliction."

Some time in June he visited Paterson, and on the Sabbath, for an hour, addressed his former congregation, subsequently spending a day or two in calling on friends there. But it was an effort beyond his strength, and for a week or more after his return home he lay entirely prostrated by it. He, however, soon rallied, and commenced sea-bathing, which proved very beneficial.

The following letter was addressed to his eldest son, who had been put in care of his maternal aunt, and to whom the subjoined letter was sent at the same time :—

“NEW YORK, *June 27th*, 1850.

“MY DEAR CHILD BENNY :—Your father was very sorry that he did not have the opportunity of seeing you before you went to Ohio. You remember he was very sick when he left Mexicoville. He grew worse and worse until he reached New York. When he arrived there he was almost dead. All the doctors shook their heads, and doubted whether he would ever recover. They, however, commenced giving him medicine, which at once had a good effect. He began to get better, and has been improving ever since. His health is much better now than it has been since he was first taken sick. All the doctors and friends now think he will get well. He is strong enough to ride all over the city in the public stages, and to walk a mile or more at a time. His sleep is regular and refreshing, his appetite good, and his countenance and whole appearance changed for the better. He hopes, through the good providence of God, to be a well man again. In the mean time, he feels very anxious for you. He wants you to be a good boy, and to grow up and be a

good, intelligent and useful man. He often thinks of you on his bed, and prays God that he will keep you in all your ways, and that he will send his Holy Spirit, and savingly impress his blessed truth upon your heart. I have said I wanted you to be *a good boy*. I will tell you of some of the things I wish you to do.

“1st, I wish you to cultivate the habit of praying to God, and of trying to please him in all that you do.

“2d, I wish you to cultivate the habit of strict obedience to those who have the care of you.

“3d, I wish you to be very careful to cultivate the habit of pure conversation—never to speak filthy words, silly words, lies, nor swear. Don’t use your tongue, my dear boy, for any evil.

“4th, I wish you to cultivate the habit of kindness and gentleness in your intercourse with, and treatment of others.

“5th, I wish you to be an industrious boy—ready to work, ready to study and ready to play.

“6th, I wish you to be a neat tidy boy—to take a great deal of pains to keep yourself, your clothes, your books, and every thing you have, neat and in good order.

“7th, I wish you to be a polite boy, or a boy of good manners. This implies propriety of

conduct, good habits of eating, sitting, walking, conversing, and attention to the rights and happiness of others.

“8th, Finally, I wish you to try in all the things I have mentioned, to improve yourself, and to pray the Lord to help you to do so. If you daily endeavor to be good, in the seven respects I have mentioned, you cannot but be a good boy, and you will become better, happier and more lovely, every day. Will you get your aunt to read these seven things, over and over to you, until you get them all fixed in your mind, and then try, with all your might, to be what your father desires you to be, in these respects.

“My dear boy, *may God bless you.* Your mother is very well, and sends a great deal of love to you. Josephine, Eddy and Albert are well, and right by my side, playing merrily. They all say, send love to Benny. They often talk about you and wish you were here. We have a cool pretty house to live in, with a nice flower garden in front. The great city, with its perpetual noise, is all around ; still we are very happy and contented. It may be that I shall go to Mount Vernon in the fall. As soon as I get well I shall have you come home. You must get your aunt S—— to write a letter

for you. You can tell her what you want her to say. Farewell, my boy."

The following letter to his aunt, accompanied the above:—

"DEAR SISTER S——:—We expected to have heard from you before this. Of course, we are anxious to know how it fares with our dear child. At the same time, you may rest assured that we have the fullest confidence that you will do all in your power for his welfare. I thought my writing to him would be a stimulus to lead him on in the right way, and thus be an assistance to you. As to my health, and our circumstances generally, you will learn the particulars in what I have written to Benny. We are very comfortably situated. We feel that the Lord has ordered all things graciously, in reference to us. We endeavor to rest under the shadow of his wings. Is it decided that you remove to the west? What time will you go? I should like to visit Mount Vernon next fall, if my health and means will permit. I presume Bro. S—— has received my letter before this. Remember me to him and to E——; also, to all the friends. Will you write soon? Wife joins me, in love to yourself and husband."

About the first of July, Mr. Weed received an invitation from Captain Knight, the commander of the *New World*, sailing between New York and Liverpool, to go in his ship to Liverpool on its next voyage out. After having advised with his physicians, who gave their hearty consent, he accepted the invitation, and accordingly sailed from New York in the packet ship above named. He went out alone, with no kind attendant to anticipate his wants, and meet the exigences attending his debility as an invalid. He was dependent upon his friends for a scanty outfit, and necessarily left his family unprovided for, at home. A great sacrifice of feeling was made, (compelled by the needs be of poverty,) in that parting hour, and through months of painful anxious separation. Great faith was needed to meet these trying scenes with cheerfulness, and unshaken confidence in the hand of Infinite wisdom and love, that dispensed them. But strong hopes were entertained that he would return well, and be able again to assume his wonted labors.

“SHIP *NEW WORLD*, CAPT. KNIGHT, }
 Thursday, July 18th, 1850. }

“MY DEAR BRO. THOMAS:—I sincerely regret that I did not get a letter from you before

setting out on this tour. I have undertaken the present voyage by the advice of my physicians, Drs. Ball, Vanderburg, and Ward. Their views fully harmonized upon the subject. We have been out nine days, have just entered on the tenth, have had fine weather, and average about six miles an hour. We have been for the last two days sailing in the fog and over the banks of Newfoundland. Our ship moves through the water with great quietness. I have no more difficulty in writing here than I should have on shore. For the first four or five days all the passengers were sick. I was somewhat affected, but not near so much so as most. It is the opinion of all my ship-mates that I have greatly improved since I came on board. I think my voyage will have the desired effect; I am better now, and stronger, than I have been at any previous time since I was taken sick. I begin to look like my former self, and I think my chronic difficulty, my original complaint, is giving way.

“I am still the child of Providence—I go forth not knowing whither I go, how long I shall stay, or what shall befall me. My motto is still, ‘*Jehovah Jireth*,’ joined with the prayer, ‘Give me this day my daily bread.’ And I feel that there is a Divine Providence,

presiding over and directing my every step. I should like to sit down by your side, and tell you of the Lord's wonderful dealings with me since you helped to put me on board the stage at Mexico. It has been to me a perfect marvel. I think it would be to you. How often do I think of the first verse of the old hymn we so frequently sing in our social meetings :

‘ When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

What has a man to fear, or cry about, when he has this title clear? I may stay in England one, three months, or a year; all remains to be developed by events yet to occur. This is my first mental effort since coming on board.

“*Friday, 19th.*—All aboard are well, the weather fine, and we are progressing on our regular route at the rate of about seven knots per hour. My health is about the same as yesterday. Thus far all is harmony and concord. We do not appear to have a cross, ugly spirit aboard. Love and kindness seems to pervade the whole company. We have also an excellent crew; every thing goes like clock-work. Thus far our voyage has been a delightful one. Our leisure time is filled up

with reading, exercise, conversation, lectures, mingled with appropriate religious exercises.

“*Friday, July 26th.*—Dear Brother, a week has elapsed since I laid down my pen in writing to you. We are still upon the ocean waves, making good progress towards our desired haven. Thus far all has been prosperous, except that scourge of all ocean travellers, sea-sickness, visited us again as we got off the banks of Newfoundland, and the breeze strengthened. Since last Saturday we have averaged nine knots per hour, sometimes going thirteen. We have had all sorts of weather, except the violent storm—rainy, showery, fair, warm, and cold. All is pleasant and agreeable on board. We have an exceedingly refined, intelligent, and noble-minded set of passengers. Of them I will say more at another time. We expect to see Cape Clear tomorrow. We are now about two hundred miles from there—shall probably land at Liverpool Monday, making our voyage one of twenty days. My health still improves.

“*Monday, July 29th.*—Dear Brother:—Three days have intervened since I bade you good morning. Two of these days we had a splendid sail, averaging ten knots per hour. Saturday morning, early, we came in sight of Cape Clear, the south-west point of Ireland,

and entered what is called St. George's Channel. All day, with a fair wind, we sailed along the Irish coast, say within five miles of it. It was a grand and pleasant view. The so called mountains of Ireland, are what we should call hills, and are cultivated to their summits. We could see the meadows, grain fields, villages, country seats, castles and towers. At night the ship tacked and stood for the Welch coast. Yesterday morning we were in full view of the Welch mountains, but becalmed. During the whole day, our noble ship made but four or five miles headway. Some of our passengers were impatient, but most of them received the dispensation with quiet calmness. It was a splendid day, and we were continually surrounded with undefinable and indescribable beauty and grandeur. I am never tired of looking at the sea. The varied, pleasing, and intense emotions enkindled by the view, cannot be expressed. The proper conception of it can be obtained only by the sight. This morning we found ourselves off Holy-Head, on the island of Anglesey, Wales—the coast of Wales fully, and I might say gloriously in view. The weather is fine, but the breezes light, and we are making very little progress. Are now about fifty or sixty miles from Liverpool. We do not ex-

pect to arrive there until to-morrow. All is still prosperous and pleasant on board the ship. I am treated with the greatest kindness and respect. Unbeknown to me, a purse of ten pound was made up for my aid, by the Captain and four others. The goodness and mercy of God attends me. His love fills me, and his light guides me. I go forth literally a child of Providence, not knowing whither I go. I have, however, no fear. My hope, my trust, is in God alone. I shall endeavor not to take a single step, without his clear light shining on my path. I shall write to you as I have time and opportunity. I shall expect to receive frequent communications from you. Much love to the friends; I feel a tender interest in them all, and a load of obligation for their kindness to me. The Lord reward them. My health continues to improve.

“*July 30th.*—We are safely moored in the Liverpool harbor. We have had a delightful passage. My health is greatly improved.”

“SHIP, *July 20th, 1850.*

“MY DEAR WIFE:—It is with peculiar emotions that I sit down to write to you. The manner in which you interested and exerted yourself to enable me to go this voyage, greatly endeared you to me. I felt that there was a

sacrifice and giving up your own comfort, for my sake, that called upon me for the heartiest acknowledgment and the liveliest gratitude. You may be assured that my heart and eyes, turn not only with deep, but also with the sweetest interest, toward No. 7 E. 11th-street, New York. To me it is a sacred spot. You are undoubtedly anxious to know the effect of the voyage upon my health. Myself, and all my fellow-passengers, are of the opinion that I have been greatly benefitted. My circulation is much better, my strength considerably increased, and the mucous irritation not nearly so great as when I left home. Thus far our voyage has been a very pleasant one. I have been treated with great kindness by my fellow-passengers. The Lord raises up friends for me wherever I go.

“25th.—Five days have intervened since I commenced this to you. We are still upon the great waters, and making good progress towards our destined port. Saturday evening, the sea grew rough, and many of our passengers had a return of sea-sickness, and were confined to their berths all day Sabbath. Of course, we had no religious services. I have stood the voyage well, have lost but two meals since I came aboard, gained strength daily, and have been able to take

care of myself without any extra help. Mr. Beecher has been sea-sick nearly all the way, and confined mostly to his berth. Still, he and all of us, think it is doing him good.

“*July 30th.*—It is with emotions of joy and gratitude to God, that I announce our safe arrival in Liverpool harbor. Mercy and goodness has thus far attended me. I hope to be prudent in the use of my strength. I have formed a high opinion of Mr. and Mrs. S——; they know the truth as it is in Jesus. They will return with the ship, and will call and see you. Judge W—— and wife have been particularly kind to me.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND.—JOURNAL.

‘LIVERPOOL, *Aug. 3d.*

“MY DEAR WIFE:—I wrote you very fully by the ‘Niagara,’ but was greatly disappointed on my arrival here not to find any communication from you. I hope you will not be remiss in writing to me. Remember, that I am sick and alone in a foreign country, and that I shall be anxious to hear from you at every arrival. Tuesday and Wednesday I overdid, which made me very feeble. What will be the final result I cannot tell. Much will depend upon my prudence. I have comfortable lodgings and wholesome food, in a Welsh family. The house is but a few rods from the great Liverpool docks. I shall go to Wales (D. V.) next week.

“LIVERPOOL, *Aug. 9th.*

“You see, I am still in this city. I expect to leave this P. M. at five for Chester, where I shall stay a few days, and then proceed on to Wales. I received your letter per the ‘Atlantic.’ I cannot tell you how much good it did me. I wept like a child; and when you told of the children’s sickness, and their asking ‘why does not father come back?’ streams flowed down my cheeks—which, as I write about it, start again. I cannot tell you how my heart yearns over you and my little ones. I trust a brighter day will soon dawn upon us. This is the third letter I have written you since landing. The ‘Europa’ sails to-morrow, and I could not let the opportunity pass without saying a word to you. When I last wrote I was quite unwell. I am now much better than I have been since I was taken sick. I trust, by the blessing of God and due care on my part, my health will be restored. I send by this steamer two papers for the little boys. Tell them all you can about me, that I remember and pray for them daily, and hope before a great while to ‘come back’ and see them. Do not be anxious about means—the Lord will provide.”

“CHESTER, *Aug. 12th.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER P——:—From the heading of my letter you will perceive that I am in old England. The Providence that has brought me here has, indeed, been peculiar, yet I see clearly in it all the hand of my Heavenly Father. I doubt not he has both directed and guided my footsteps hither. My health has greatly improved since I left home, and is still advancing. I am, at present, very pleasantly situated in a lovely Christian family, they are as kind and attentive as though they were my own kindred. The town is not only a very ancient one, abounding with ancient antiquities, but is also most delightfully situated. I shall probably remain here some weeks. The climate is good, and I have the prospect that my health will be restored. I trust I shall be able again to resume my labors as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. My afflictions have been protracted and severe, yet I feel that God has ordered them all in mercy. I needed the burning ordeal, and I pray that it may accomplish that; in and for me, for which heaven has sent it upon me. You may think I am having a very easy and pleasant time of it. I am happy, my mind is peaceful, but it arises from spiritual consolation, and not from worldly enjoyments. I

am too feeble to enjoy sight-seeing, or for touring about to see the wonders of this great and ancient kingdom. Still, I begin to enjoy myself somewhat in this way. The city I am now in is situated on the banks of the river Dee, and is one of the oldest boroughs of England. It was a place of some importance under the Romans before the Christian Era. It has a wall surrounding the whole city, surmounted by old towers, and affording a very beautiful promenade. It is about fifteen miles south of Liverpool, and contains about 30,000 population. Will you and J—— write to me? It would cheer me much to get a letter from you in this land of strangers. Love to all the dear friends."

"CHESTER, *Aug. 15th.*

"MY DEAR WIFE:—Yesterday I received your second letter, it was to me like water in a thirsty land. While reading streams ran down my cheeks. I cannot express how much my heart turns to you and the dear children. I have but one consolation, that is, committing you to the care of Him who has told us to cast all our care on *Him*, for he careth for us.

"Dear little A——, how I should love to hold him in my arms and press him to my bosom! I somehow have a confidence that

the Lord will spare him to us. I am glad you are led to lean upon the promises of the Lord. They are our inheritance and support, and he who has made them is the *faithful* God, and lives to make them good. You will perceive by the heading of my letter that I have left L—— for C——. This town is one of the most ancient in England, and is the shire town of Cheshire county, situated on the river Dee. The view is enchanting, the air fresh and invigorating. This, too, was the scene of the labors of the excellent and pious Matthew Henry, the commentator; and here his honored dust reposes.

“Here also now Rev. R. Knill, formerly missionary to St. Petersburg, and author of several Christian tracts, has a chapel. I have made his acquaintance and that of his truly Christian family. They have been deeply afflicted, and know how to succor their brethren in distress. Providence has directed me to excellent lodgings, with a kind, pious Welsh family. I am treated with as much care and kindness as though I was one of the family. Indeed I never had my every want more pleasantly anticipated. Mrs. T——, who is a devoted Christian, does what she does for me for Christ’s sake, because she esteems me a servant of his. I shall probably remain here a

week or ten days longer. For the last twenty-four hours I have been very feeble, and doubts arise in my mind about my ever getting well, though I have increased in health and strength since I left home."

"LIVERPOOL, *Aug. 22d.*

"I came to this city yesterday P. M. to see Captain K——, and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. S—— before they sail. To-morrow the 'New World' sails for New York. I make my abode still with the same family in Chester. They are such a delightful household I shall regret leaving them. My health is improving, I have gained flesh, and my color is good; my stomach and bowel difficulty do not leave me. What is before me, life or death, health or sickness, I know not. But my chief desire, and my most earnest prayer is, that the will of God be done. At present I am paying very strict attention to my diet and all my habits; and my heart is greatly drawn out in prayer, that God will glorify himself in me. I have never felt before, so much as I have of late, that I could not pray for anything definite in the way of temporal blessings. I feel that I do not know what is best for me. My only prayer is, Lord, direct, thou knowest what is best. I expect this morning to go to Man-

chester, where I shall probably abide until Monday, and then return to Chester, and from there go to North Wales, where I intend to remain some weeks in the country. I wrote last week to Brother F——. He has closed his labors in London, where he has been greatly successful. If I return home this fall I shall probably leave here about the 11th of October. Should my health improve, so that I can engage in labor, I shall remain and try to earn something before I return. I feel a great reluctance to return sick and be still a burden to my friends. My heart still turns towards our little abode. What a comfort it would be to see you and the dear children! May God, in his infinite mercy, comfort and console you."

"PARKGATE, *Aug. 30th.*

"I am still in Cheshire county. This place is about twelve miles below Chester, on the river Dee, and is a delightful country village, most enchantingly situated. It spreads itself along in a direct line on the Dee, which is here between two and three miles wide. A solid wall, built of hard red sandstone, extends some four miles along the bank of the river, which affords a most admirable promenade. On the opposite side of the river is the principality of Wales, presenting a most picturesque

and pleasing scene. And what adds greatly to the loveliness of the whole is, it is now in the height of their harvest. This place is distinguished for its healthfulness, fine sea-breezes, and facilities for sea-bathing. I came here last Wednesday, and expect to remain until Monday. When (*Deo volente*) I shall cross over into Wales, visit Conway, and a celebrated watering-place near. At present I am aiming at one single point, the restoration of my health. A great improvement has taken place during the last ten days. My color is almost as fresh and healthful as it ever was, my strength considerably increased, and were I free from the irritation of the mucous membrane of my mouth and stomach, I should feel there was but a few steps to perfect health. But *it* still hangs about me, casting a damp on all my hopes. Still I can cast all my cares upon the Lord, knowing that he cares for me. 'Give me this day my daily bread,' is still my prayer. My mind turns continually to you and the dear children. Day and night you are ever present with me. Two steamers have come without my receiving any letter. Before this you have received my first two letters, and you will now hear regularly once in two weeks, sometimes weekly. Our Heavenly Father will provide. Tell Brother and Sister C—— I in-

tend writing them soon. I have not yet seen Brother F——, and have received but one communication from him. Shall probably visit the South of England the latter part of the month.

“This is the day for Professor W——’s execution. As I awoke this morning, I thought of him and his dear family. O how my heart pities them! My earnest prayer has gone, and is going up for them all. Ah! my dear, this *is* trial, *this* affliction. Were I in his place, and you in Mrs. W——’s place, how much more insupportable the burden than our present affliction! May God have mercy upon them. Tell the little boys, father remembers them and loves them, and hopes, through the goodness of God, to come back to them a well man. Also, dear J——, I hope she will be a good girl.”

“CHESTER, *Sept. 13th.*

“Night before last I was made glad by the reception of three letters from you, one from Brother T——, and one from Brother W——. The whole was almost too great and too rich a feast for one in my delicate state to endure. I was very sorry to hear of your poor health. I would advise you not to attempt to do heavy, fatiguing work, such as washing, ironing, &c.

Hire these done. Don't fear the speech of people. Look to your Heavenly Father. He knows that you need rest, and is willing that you should have it, and will see to it that your wants are supplied without your sacrificing your life. You need not fear but that we shall be sustained. And right here let me say, be willing, on your part, to receive. I know it is more blessed to give than to receive; but sometimes it is made clearly our duty to take the less blessed condition, and become mere recipients.

"Since I last wrote you I have been very sick, as much so as at any time since I was taken down. I had a most violent attack of acute gastritis. The pain was excessively severe, and for three or four days it seemed to be nearly all over with me. I gave you all up, nor friends, nor kindred, nor country expected I ever to see more. Nature bled at every pore, but God, who hath delivered me in all my troubles, appeared for my help in this. He has raised me from that bed of pain and anguish, and made my soul to overflow with joy and blessing. The air at Parkgate proved too bracing for me, and irritated my stomach, rather than helped it. I returned to C—— to Mr. T——'s. He and his wife have been all to me that the tenderest father and

mother could be, and their sons as attentive and loving as brothers. Every want was anticipated and supplied. I have in attendance Dr. Norton, a homœopathic physician, in whom I have the utmost confidence. His treatment, thus far, has been very successful, and my prospects of a final recovery are better than ever. Though I am delicate as a child, my symptoms are all better. The Lord is raising me up helpers on every side. All that I can do is to stand still, love, and adore. The Lord fills me with the joys of his salvation. Be not anxious about me. Rest, my dear, and trust the Lord. Kiss the dear boys for me. My heart cleaves to you all."

"CHESTER, *Sept. 21st.*

"I have taken a very small piece of paper, simply to say, that, since I wrote last week, my health has rapidly improved. In every respect, I am happy and comfortable. And though separated from my family, whom I love as my own life, a stranger in the midst of strangers, and a foreign land, still I am very happy. 'Not a wave of trouble rolls across my breast.' I can sweetly leave all with God. I am doing well under my present treatment, and hope to return to you a well man. I wrote to you last week at length;

shall (*Deo volente*) do so again next week. I expect Brother F—— and wife here next week to see me. This is the day of our trial, let us abide it, kissing the hand that smites. I doubt not that God will watch over you for good. Say to the dear children, father remembers them and loves them.”

“CHESTER, *Sept. 26th.*

“Your letter of the 28th ultimo came to hand last week. It did me much good. While it distressed me, it also greatly comforted me. I was distressed at the account you gave of your health, and comforted that you was successfully seeking the Lord, and that he was leading you in the right way. I was greatly interested in your account of the ‘Memoirs of the Mrs. Judsons,’ and highly delighted with the poetry you sent me. The life of faith, as illustrated in the career of such persons, is pre-eminently adapted to stimulate us onward in the path of holiness. For the last few days I have been poorly. Have had another attack of acute gastritis, am confined to the house, but the inflammation is subsiding, and my vitality reviving. In reference to my recovering my health, I am constantly alternating between hope and fear. Still I can say, *Blessed Lord, thy will be done.* To us these

are days of severe temporal trial, and it becomes us to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and to earnestly seek that his chastening may accomplish for our souls what his love and mercy intends it shall. Let us not faint under his rebuke, but encourage ourselves in his promises, and say, with Job, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' The following beautiful hymn has greatly comforted me :

“ ‘ Be still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want, if he provide ?
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?

When first before the mercy-seat,
Thou didst thy all to him commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

He who has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace to God ;
Then count the present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.'

"The goodness of God is still conspicuous towards me, in raising up kind, sympathizing friends, and in providing amply for all my wants. The dear family with whom I lodge are still unwearied in their attentions to me. I lack no comfort friends can procure, and I know not how I could be better situated for recovery. Did I suppose there was no reasonable prospect of my being restored to health, I should make an effort to return home as soon as circumstances would allow. If I am to die, it is my strong desire to die in the bosom of my family, and in my own country ; I should like to breathe my last in the arms of my dear wife, and in the presence of my beloved children, and brothers and sisters ; to let you have the last sad office of closing my eyelids. God may have some better thing than this in store for us ; let us be prepared for the worst, and hope for the best.

"27th.—This morning I awoke refreshed, and to-day I am better. The inflammation of my stomach is subsiding. Should you come in this morning you would see that I look much better than I did when I left home. We have

had very fine weather here during this month. This morning is a very beautiful, lovely one. Your letters do not come regular; sometimes I get two or three at a time. I send papers with pictures to amuse the little boys; I want you to let them know that I send them to them. I expect Brother F—— and his wife here, on their return from the continent. Whatever be-tides us, let us stay ourselves upon the Lord. He still keeps my mind in a sweet, calm, heavenly state.”

“CHESTER, *Oct. 2nd.*

“I am greatly disappointed in not receiving any letter for the last two weeks. Still I do not allow myself to be made unhappy by it; I believe in the truth of the Scripture declaration, that ‘*all things* shall work together for the good of those that love God. I have suffered much since I last wrote to you, but am better now, and sanguine in my hope of getting well. I think I am pursuing the right course to secure that end. My physician is aiming at one single point—to remove the original disease. His prescriptions of medicine, diet, and exercise, all bear upon that point, and I think with evident success.

“*3rd.*—I have laid myself down and slept, and arose refreshed. The Lord fills me with

his goodness, and causes me to joy with exceeding great joy. I feel very solicitous in reference to your health. I think you ought to set seriously about seeking its recovery. When I shall return (if ever) is not yet decided in my own mind. My heart yearns for my home and family. Let us control our natural feelings and desires, and wait patiently the developments of Providence. The Lord is at present giving me a rich experience and great delight in his word. I am beholding wondrous things out of his law: every morning I awake early, and my mind runs sweetly up and down the Divine record. It is now Friday, 4th, between 10 and 11 o'clock, A.M. You are still locked in slumbers, but I have been up several hours—have read a portion of Scripture, and have lifted my prayer for self, wife, little ones, country, and the whole work of God, in this dying world. I trust I shall hear from you the next steamer. Tell the dear children father prays for them, and wants them to pray for him."

"CHESTER, *Oct. 15th.*

"Last week I received two letters from you; bringing the date up to the 21st of last month. It was cheering to learn that you and the children were enjoying a good degree of

health. I am slowly but daily improving, but I am obliged to be very cautious on every hand lest I induce a relapse. My cruse of oil does not yet fail; I have no anxiety for myself; I do, however, feel a great anxiety that you and the dear children shall be abundantly provided for, so that your mind may be relieved from all anxiety on that score. I hope the Lord will give you strong faith in his providing care. There are many things I should like to write to you about, but writing is the most trying labor I perform. It taxes my strength more than anything else, therefore I have to be very careful in reference to it. The Lord still keeps my mind in a heavenly, quiet, and peaceful state."

"CHESTER, *Oct. 24th.*

"Your last letter came by the 'Atlantic,' and arrived here, thirteen days from date. For the last few days I have been very unwell; find all my powers very feeble, and that the least imprudence puts me back. The cold weather is going to try me exceedingly—for the most part I shall have to keep my room. I am convinced that it would be perilous for me to attempt to go home. I often doubt whether I shall ever see again my beloved country, my dear wife and children, my other

relatives, and dear friends. All this is in the hands of Divine Providence, and I can leave it to such a wise disposal. Still it adds to my affliction, in my feeble state, to be thus separated from my dearest earthly friends. Never did I feel more than I do now, the need of the soothing influence of a loving wife and family, and I have the serious thought of asking you to come to me here; I have many reasons in my own mind why this would be best, and it is the opinion of all the friends here, including my physician, that if you *can*, you had by all means better come, as it would contribute essentially to my comfort and recovery. You ask how can the means be raised? Sell your furniture, and there are many who would assist to raise the means, if they knew you were coming. Captain B——, of Brooklyn, sails a fine new packet, which will leave New York the last of December or first of January. It will take you until that time to get all things ready. I hear you say, ‘You have proposed to me a great undertaking.’ I have, indeed; but will it not be best in the end for you, for me, and for the children? Should I live and recover, it is my desire to remain and labor here awhile. There is an open door for me. Were you and the children here, I should feel in no hurry to return. Think over the mat-

ter, seek Divine direction, and decide according to the best light you can get, and I shall be content. I have been four days writing this letter. This morning I am better. Love to the dear children, to all. In patience abide your day."

"CHESTER, *Nov. 4th.*

"Yours of the 22nd ult. came to hand this morning, having reached here in twelve days after being mailed. All your recent letters have come regularly. I am still very weak; had a very poor time of it last week. My whole system is in a very languid, toneless state. I still indulge the hope of recovery. My color is pretty good; I do not bloat, or feel that weakness around my body, that I used to. Nothing disturbs my peace. I have not shed a tear for weeks, only over your letters. My trust is in God, He will *never, no, never forsake us!* Even when our father and mother cast us off, He will take us up. Here, in this land of strangers, He is raising me up helpers on every hand. I should like to sit down by your side, and tell you my experience since I left home, and point out the way in which the Lord has guided my every step. Be not discouraged. Let us patiently and humbly abide our day. If all men ceased to

minister unto us, He could make the ravens feed us, as they did Elijah. The earth is His, and the fullness thereof, the gold and silver, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. *We shall be sustained.* Be strong, my dear, *strong in faith.* Hath not the Savior said, 'Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added;' and will He not perform his own word? Let us trust Him, adopting the words of Hab. iii. 17, remembering also, that 'man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' What you record of the prattle of our little boys about me greatly affects me; I always weep over it. Kiss them again and again for me. In my last week's letter I wrote for you and them to come to me. The subject is before your mind. Seek direction of the Lord. Act according to your best judgment in the light Providence may cast upon your path, and I shall be content. If you come I shall rejoice, if you do not, I shall regard it in the sight of our Heavenly Father, as not wise, and therefore shall be reconciled. I would not do anything contrary to his will. Read the lxii. and lxiii. Psalms, also Watts' version of them; they exactly express my present experience. Tell dear Brother W—— he must be like the Saviour, and love me to the

end. Tell Brother and Sister C—— I remember all their kindness with deepest gratitude; sympathize in their trials, and pray for them daily. I have been all the week writing this letter; it has cost me a great effort. It leaves me very feeble, though not immediately dangerous. *Deo. Vol.* I shall write T—— next week. God bless you. Adieu.”

“CHESTER, *Nov. 13th.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER T——: Your welcome, sympathizing letter, was promptly and speedily received, having reached here in thirteen days after it was mailed at M——. I thank you for your supplications, and for keeping alive a remembrance of me in the minds of your dear little boys. I am truly grateful also to my dear M—— friends, for the continued interest they manifest in my case. I shall ever remember with the liveliest gratitude their great kindness to me. I request a continued interest in their prayers, and still hope, through the rich mercy of God, and the abounding supplications of my Christian friends, to be restored to health, and to more than my former usefulness. One thing, however, is very certain, it will take a long time, great care, and close discipline, to restore me to my wonted strength and vigor. The voyage did me good;

but, unaware of my own weakness, I undertook to do too much in writing, reading, traveling, &c.; the result was, immediate prostration, and a severe attack of acute gastritis; which brought me almost to the grave. I have suffered greatly, but at present am in the ascending scale. Love to all the dear friends. Write me soon, and give me local, rather than general news. The latter I get in the papers."

"CHESTER, Nov. 22nd.

"MY DEARLY BELOVED WIFE:—Your letter of the 6th inst. reached me on the morning of the 18th, having passed from the Post-office of New York to Liverpool in eleven days. It was peculiarly pleasant to hear from you so direct and speedily. I perceive that you are still troubled with the shadows of unbelief; that you are like Peter, when walking on the water, as the winds became boisterous, his confidence failed. So you, when you see some of the friends drawing back, are afraid and discouraged. Let me say, *my trust* has never been in man, nor in any particular individual, or class of men; I know the weakness of men, their fickleness, and readiness to grow weary in well-doing. My trust has been, and still is, in *the Living God, the possessor of Heaven,*

and *He* who has promised when father and mother forsake us, to take us up, who can cause the heavens to rain down bread, the flinty rock to give forth water, the ravens to feed his servants; sustain poor widows, whose meal and oil are just ready to fail; spread a table in the wilderness in the presence of enemies; who has promised *never* to leave us, or forsake us, and whose faithfulness reaches unto the heavens. *In Him do I trust, in Him is my hope.* And blessed be his name, I can this morning sweetly look up into his face, and say, '*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*' May the Lord, my dear, establish your heart in believing, so that the dark clouds of his providence, as they cross our path, may not disturb or perturb your soul, but lead you to shelter yourself more sweetly and securely under the shadow of his wing. Since I wrote you last, my health has been gradually improving; and I hope that God has yet a good work for me to do on earth. I am waiting with deepest interest to hear your decision in reference to coming here. Should you undertake to come, and take care of your sick husband, in a foreign land, many will sympathize with you, and lend you a helping hand. Should you not come, keep the place where you now are. Should I return, I shall want

a home to go to. Love to the dear children, and all the friends."

"CHESTER, *Nov. 29th.*

"Yours of the 16th inst. reached me last evening, just twelve days from New York. I was glad to hear from you and the dear children, that you were ordinarily well. Will it ever be so with me again? I fear not. I am a poor feeble man, truly an object of commiseration. It seems to me now, if God will grant me the privilege of returning home and dying in the arms of my wife, in the presence of my children, kindred, and dear Christian friends, it is the highest temporal mercy he can bestow. The *Africa*, one of the Cunard steamers, sails from Liverpool December 7th, for New York. After consultation with Dr. N—— this morning, I have concluded to make the effort to come in it. With a tolerable prosperous voyage it will reach its landing, Jersey City, as early as Dec. 21. Under the circumstances, it will be a great undertaking for me. What will be its results I cannot say; they may be favorable or unfavorable—result in life or death. It is Dr. N——'s opinion that to remain would, upon the whole, be most safe, but if I could get home without much injury, it will be the best course for me to pursue, espe-

cially considering the superior social comfort which I should enjoy in the bosom of my family. Do not be sanguine that you will see me at the time designated. I may not be able to go then. I may die on the voyage. Have yourself prepared for the worst, by which I mean the most afflictive. The Lord has raised me up here dear friends who are ministering angels to me—they do not tire in their offices of kindness; I should like to sit down by your side and tell you all God's gracious dealings with me since I left home. Truly, his mercy reacheth unto the heavens. May the Lord permit me to see you and my dear children once more. This will go out in to-morrow's steamer; in the next I hope to go myself. I desire you and all the friends to pray for me."

He kept a brief journal as he had strength, in which he penned the last he ever wrote, just before he left Chester. A few of the last dates will be interesting to his friends.

"*Sept. 7th.*—A severe day. Rev. R. Knill called to see me.

"*8th.*—Hard day. Despaired of life. Deacon Marsh called and prayed with me.

"*10th.*—Better. God has heard prayer. Many prayers have been offered by the godly

in Chester for me. The Lord has awakened a lively interest in them for me.

"15th.—Much better. Blessed in heart and body.

"23rd.—Went to Hallowell and married a couple. Felt poorly all day. Marriage fee £10.

"29th.—This week very sick; confined to my room. But He who giveth songs in the night was with me.

"Oct. 13th.—This week my health continued to improve. Wrote to Rev. H. W. Beecher. Received two letters from wife; one from Brother Finney; two visits from Brother Knill, one from Deacon Marsh, and a kind note from Daniel James, Esq., Liverpool.

"22nd.—Had a very poor day; confined to house and lounge. The Dr., and Mr. and Mrs. T—— called on me.

"26th.—Had a poor day. Mind in a placid state.

"28th.—Had a comfortable night. Rose some better. Mrs. T——, Miss K——, and Rev. Mr. Jones called.

"30th.—Arose feeble; kept very quiet. Mrs. H—— called and read to me; Mr. and Mrs. T—— in the evening.

"Nov. 1st.—Better to-day. Dr. N—— called and changed my medicine. Mrs. H—— called.

"*2nd.*—Had a good night's rest, and was refreshed. Called at Mrs. T——'s. Was very feeble all day.

"*21st.*—Had a comfortable day. Mrs. K—— and daughter. Mrs. H —— and the Dr. called.

"*22nd.*—Another good day. Mrs. H—— called. Had a sweet time in studying God's word together. Mrs. T—— called in the evening. Letter from Mr. James.

"*23rd.*—Arose refreshed; walked over to Mrs. H——'s. Conversation wholly practical and religious.

"*28th.*—Quite poorly. Mr. K—— and Mrs. H—— called. Received letter from wife.

"*Dec. 4th.*—Some better. Rev. J. D. Edwards, Rev. R. Knill, D. James, Mr. and Mrs. T—— called.

"*5th.*—Still improving. Received letter from Brother F—— and £5."

At this date his pen was laid aside, never to be resumed again.

It was the opinion of Mr. Weed's friends and medical advisers in this country, that it would be far better for him to come home than for his family to attempt to go to England, believing as they did, that it would probably be not to see his face in the flesh, but to weep over his grave in a foreign land.

After his return, when asked by his wife his opinion of this arrangement, he said, "Oh, it was infinitely better that I should come home: how glad I was when tossing upon the waves, that it wasn't you and the children."

CHAPTER XIX.

RETURN TO AMERICA—LAST ILLNESS—DEATH—
EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF FRIENDS.

THE 7th of December, 1850, Mr. Weed sailed from Liverpool, in the "Africa." Daniel James, Esq., of Liverpool, to whom he owed a thousand obligations, and other friends in Chester, who were unwearied in their attentions to him to the last, had many fears that he might not survive the voyage; though it was subsequently manifest to all that this too was lovingly directed by Him who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice.

Every thing was done that loving hearts could devise, and active hands accomplish to make his voyage comfortable. His outfit and passage-money were provided by various benevolent individuals in Chester and Liverpool, many giving freely who never saw him. Though he had no sweet assurance when he

set out that he should live to see his native land, his home, and loved ones, yet his mind was kept in perfect peace and quiet. To use his own figure, he rested as sweetly and confidently on his Saviour's bosom as ever a little infant did in the arms of its mother, leaving all the future, in sweet submission, to his Heavenly Father. For two days after he went on ship-board he was so exhausted that he was not able to open his Bible. When he did take it up to peruse its sacred pages, he opened it as it were casually to the cxxi. Psalm. He read and re-read it. It seemed to be the word and promise of God meeting his particular case, and he said he had a full, sweet assurance, from that hour, that he should outlive the perils of his voyage and reach his own beloved home. He was never but once again able to read during his whole voyage. And he was at that time directed to a psalm almost equally appropriate to his own case as this, and which he was enabled to receive as God's word, most graciously addressed to *him*. He remarked that "the presence of God alone sustained him—that his arms of love seemed to encircle him—his wing covered him, while he nestled in its feathers." On the 22d of December, two weeks and one day after he left L——, he was received, with sorowing and rejoicing, by his

anxiously waiting home circle. Pale, emaciated, weak as an infant, he was carried into his apartments, which he never left until he took his final leave of them, four weeks and one day from the time of his arrival home.

In a few days after his return he appeared much better, the bloat in his feet disappeared, his appetite became good, he sat up most of the day, walked from one room to another, and was hopeful that possibly he might come up as he had done before, when brought apparently to the very verge of the grave. The same earnest desire that he had felt all through his illness, to live to preach Christ, and him crucified, to his dying fellow-men, was strong until he gave up all hope. He enjoyed the society of his friends much, and though too feeble to read at all himself, he listened with great interest to the various kinds of reading in which he had engaged in days of health ; the Bible, as it had ever been to him, above every thing else. He was never able after his return to lead in family devotion but once, and his prayer was then like one who had *already* done with earth and earthly things. He continued along much the same for more than two weeks after the new year commenced, imperceptibly growing weaker, until he was suddenly taken worse, and survived only three

days. Extracts from a letter written to his brother, soon after his death, give a concise and particular account of his last week.

“DEAR BROTHER T——:—Your truly sympathizing letter was duly received, and you will think I have been long in answering it. Though fully aware of the painful task, I have for a week been trying to get time to write to you the particulars of the week that intervened between your leaving here and dear Edward’s final departure. You will recollect, just before you left Brother C—— came in; he stayed until after dark, read one of Campbell’s sermons to him, and had some pleasant conversation. That night he had as comfortable a time as usual. I was up with him two or three times. Tuesday morning he was bathed and dressed as usual, had eaten his breakfast, and I had just sat down with him and the children, at his own affectionate request, to have our season of family worship, when Rev. H. Belden and Mrs. C—— called. I read a chapter in the Acts; he then requested us to sing that psalm, that has one verse, commencing—

“‘How happy all thy servants are,
How great thy grace to me;’

which was quite a favorite of his, and Brother B—— prayed. After which Mrs. C—— left, and Mr. B—— and husband continued conversing an hour or more with as much zest as he used to manifest in his days of health. Toward evening Rev. C. Parker came in, and at his request read to him the next to the last chapter of Malachi, in which it speaks of the sons of Levi being purified. Husband made some remarks upon that portion of it, and they engaged in a conversation of some interest, which, though all perfectly pleasant, seemed to exhaust dear E—— very much and he asked us to help him on the bed. When Brother P—— got up to go away, he said to him, ‘Charles, I love to have you come and see me, and talk and read to me, but you must not get me into a discussion, I am too weak.’ He rested much as usual Tuesday night, though I should think there was an increase of bowel irritation. Wednesday he was as strong and comfortable, and more so than for several days before you left. I had hurried the heavy work through, so as to get as much time as possible to spend with him; and oh! my brother, you do not know how I coveted having him alone to myself. Though for the most part, when I was not waiting upon him, it was to sit still by his side, in consequence of his being so much exhausted

by company. But even those were seasons of luxurious enjoyment, in comparison with those long, anxious months he was in England. Miss C——, Mrs. B——, and Mrs. H——, and her sister made each a short call. When we were arranged for family worship, he requested me to sing the psalm commencing,

“Sweet is the work, my God, my King ;”

and he sung a part of it with me. I got considerable time to read to him, which he seemed to enjoy very much.

“I observed that his relish for animal food was ceasing, and indeed his appetite became less altogether.

“Thursday morning Mrs. P. Fields called ; but dear husband would not permit me to invite her in to see him until he had on his dressing-gown, and was seated in his easy-chair, remarking as she came in, as an apology for keeping her waiting so long, he wanted to look as well as he could, so as not to repulse his friends, for a sick man was at best but a disgusting object. She stayed an hour or two, and he told her in the time he expected to go to P—— once more, but he expected to be carried there ; but added, he might possibly recover, though he did not think there was more than one chance in a hundred in his favor.

He did not relish his food as he had done, but otherwise appeared as well as usual. About noon Sarah got sick, and went home, leaving me with every thing to do, and feeling as though I could not bear to leave him a moment. In this dilemma Mrs. C——, whom you knew at P——, and Mrs. B—— came in. Mrs. C—— stayed the remainder of the day, and waited upon him. About dark Brother H—— called, and stayed all night and took care of him, and with the exception of a slight turn of vomiting, he had an unusually comfortable night.

“Early Friday morning Brother Williams called, before husband had arisen, and they had a conversation of an hour or more upon different subjects of interest. I think he took his pouring-bath that morning, and after he was dressed and seated in his rocker, he said, ‘his heart was in a glow, he was so comfortable; he thought he was gaining strength some,’ and wished me to call the children in, and have our season of family worship. But calls interrupted, of one kind and another, until five P. M. Mrs. B—— came and read part of a sermon to him. Mr. and Mrs. C——, from P——, came and spent some time, and before they left Brother H—— returned, and remained until after five. Oh!

how much I felt he was using up his precious strength, every iota of which I valued more than mountains of the finest gold. About five P. M. he began to cough, with that weak, suffocating cough that you have observed in cases of consumption. It continued so long, I felt a little alarmed even before Brother H—— left. It increased afterward and with a distressing sense of suffocation. He became purple around his mouth, his hands became cold, and his pulse exceedingly small. At his request I put a wet cloth around his throat, and soon after gave him a small pill of opium, which allayed the irritation a little, and he said, ‘I shall get a little quiet soon; and then I wish you to call the children in, and sing and pray.’ But the cough and suffocation returned, and I sent for Dr. B——. Before he got here dear husband was a little easier, though the cough was by no means fully allayed. He said, ‘perhaps, after all, the doctors have been mistaken, and my lungs have been diseased all along.’ But Dr. B—— said, the cough was only sympathetic. He left medicine which quieted it. After he ceased coughing he fell into a doze, and talked incessantly for an hour or two, just as the thoughts passed in his mind; after he ceased talking, for an hour or two more, he moaned every breath, but gradually fell into a

quiet slumber, which refreshed him much, and in the morning he appeared comparatively comfortable, but weak as an infant. I watched alone by his side during the night, but he said he had no recollection of anything after the doctor was there in the evening, and added, 'you must not let any one in to see me to-day,' (Saturday,) which I was very glad to hear, and implicitly followed. The doctor called to see him, and the barber came, and he was bolstered up in bed and shaved. What he ate, I fed him, as I would a little infant. He suffered paroxysms of severe pain; in the intervals he appeared more comfortable, but too weak to converse. I hardly left his bedside at all through the day. They were precious, *precious* hours, though I looked forward to what was in all probability but just before me, as one would in the agonizing expectation of losing a part of themselves; and oh! how unreconciled I felt at the probability that he would never have strength to have a conversation that we had repeatedly attempted, viz., his particular advice respecting myself and the children in case he should be taken from us. All he had strength to say respecting our lonely, destitute, desolate circumstances, was, 'the *Lord* will raise up friends for you.' A letter was received from our dear absent Ben-

jamin, and he expressed great satisfaction at its contents. In the course of the day I sent word to Brother W—— that we should be glad of his assistance through the night, and he and Dr. L—— came and watched with him. I tried to sleep, but his agonizing groans continued all night, and he was constantly seeking rest by being turned from side to side. About four in the morning Dr. L—— left. We changed his position, and he slept an hour or two. Sabbath he was comparatively easy, but lay mostly with his eyes closed, and speaking only when he wished for something. Miss C—— came and spent most of the day. Quite a number of friends came in to see him. He sometimes opened his eyes when they came into the room, and closed them without speaking. Often during the day would he open his eyes, glance them around the room on those sitting there, and when they rested on me would close them again, with that look of satisfaction I have often seen an infant give its mother when composing itself to sleep, conscious of her watchful presence. He had taken no nourishment since Friday except a little arrowroot or some very light thing, and there was a dreadful sinking at the stomach. He had been very thirsty, and drank a good deal of ice water, and once or twice took a

teaspoonful of wine. Dr. B—— came at evening and suggested his trying a little coffee, and advised giving small quantities of opium, if severe paroxysms of pain should occur again. I made a cup of coffee and some soft toast, he relished both very much, and was revived and relieved. His warm friend, Mr. Taylor, of Paterson, hearing he was worse, came over to see him. When about to leave, husband thanked him for his interest in him, and for all his acts of kindness to him and his family. When the little boys were ready to go to rest, they came as usual to their father, to exchange the good-night kiss for the last time. When they were dressed in the morning, he was insensible. Rev. J. L—— and Brother B—— came to spend the night with him. In the evening Brother W—— and his wife called to see him. In answer to something Brother W—— said, he looked up, while the glories of heaven seemed to irradiate his countenance, as he said—

“‘I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
And not a wave of trouble rolls
Across my peaceful breast.’

“For four or five months past I have not felt like praying for but one specific temporal bless-

ing—that I might come home to die in the bosom of my family. God most graciously heard me in this, and now I can say, ‘The will of the Lord be done. *His and his only.*’ Whether I live or die I am his. I expect to die very soon; but I shall be clothed upon ‘by that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’

“He never expressed himself more beautifully and clearly in word, voice, and manner; and he said but little afterward—nothing but to tell what he wanted, and to urge me to take some rest. His mind seemed inclined to wander, and about six o’clock, Monday morning, he became apparently insensible. Just before he fell into this state, he exclaimed, as though he thought he was engaged once more in his favorite employment, ‘And the poor have the gospel preached to them.’ I succeeded in arousing him, so that he spoke several times during the morning; once asked for drink, once to have his position adjusted, and once, when I was trying very earnestly to arouse him, he affectionately exclaimed, ‘My dear wife,’ and tried to say more, but his utterance failed him. He continued to drink until past noon, and after he ceased swallowing, would move his lips, as though he was conscious when I moistened them. But for two hours he con-

tinued to breathe after all other motion had ceased. About six P.M. there was a change in his breathing, and he was gone, without a movement of a muscle, or a contortion of the placid features, at ten minutes past six, P.M., January 20th, 1851, just one week and three hours after you parted with him.

“ He was buried at Paterson, Thursday, the 23rd. Rev. S. D. Cochran and Rev. W. H. Hornblower both addressed the audience. Bro. H—— and sister C——, and L——, with my own little family, were all the relatives that were present. Some ten or twelve other friends from New York went with us; and I was told the church was crowded with Paterson friends, with weeping almost like the weeping for Joseph. Your sympathizing letter did me much good. The writing of this has cost me many, many tears.

“ Your deeply afflicted Sister,
“ Z. P. WEED.”

Friday before his death, he dwelt much upon the goodness of God to him, and remarked that his afflictions had stirred up his mind, to see and adore God's *particular* providences to his children. Not a murmur escaped his lips after he was taken worse, and through all his intense sufferings. How sweetly were the promises

recorded in Psalm xli. 1 & 3, fulfilled in his case—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

Letters expressing the interest and sympathy he awakened in the friends he made in England, have been received from various sources. One person, in whose family he spent some time, writes:—

"When he first officiated at family worship, his expressive terms and fervency cemented my affection and heart to him. I often esteemed him afterwards as the prophet Elias, visiting the widow of Sarepta, and I do not *less* than believe that the Lord smiled on my house, in answer to his sincere prayers."

Another says, "We have reason to bless God that he ever came under our roof. We considered him indeed a blessing; he took such an interest in all the family, and gave us such good counsel. I shall never forget what strong faith he had in God. He was a pattern to us all in this. He often said, 'Whether I live or die, I know I am the Lord's.'"

Another, in addressing a letter to Mr. Weed himself, but which did not reach here until after his decease, writes:—

“MY DEAR SIR:—We have been waiting very anxiously to hear of your hoped-for safe arrival at New York, and yesterday Mr. Knill heard from Mr. James, that your name had appeared amongst the passengers arrived there. Every thing with regard to your leaving was arranged so wonderfully for you, by a kind and gracious Providence, that we all *felt* you would get safely home. We do sincerely congratulate your dear wife upon your restoration to her. If it be God’s will, we should rejoice to hear of your restoration to health, and to renewed active service. The Lord needs faithful laborers in his vineyard, those who are wise in winning souls. Whether he has more work for you to do or not, will soon appear.

‘His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour.’

God had work for you to do in Chester, *that is certain*, and he helped you to do it. I often feel as though you were brought over from America, to teach me the way of God more perfectly; and, when you had done so, were sent back again; it seemed altogether so strange. You will be glad to hear Jesus Christ is keeping me close to his bleeding side.”

His kind friend in Liverpool, after he heard of his death, wrote as follows:—

“Dear Mrs. W——: I duly received your kind note, informing me of the safe arrival of your dear husband in New York, but was sorry to hear by the last steamer that he was no more. It was a great mercy that he was spared to reach home, and die in the bosom of his family, and not among strangers in a foreign land. When I last saw him in Chester, I did not think he would ever see New York; but after he was on ship-board he appeared more comfortable, and I fully expected he would live to see his dear family before his removal from this vale of tears. He now rests from his labors. And may we all be as well prepared for our change, as he was. I now feel truly thankful that I made the effort to send him home to you. Many to whom I named his case gave me cheerfully towards his passage. I raised (with what I gave) among my friends £30. When he was leaving he gave me £5, which Mr. F—— sent him from London. Under the circumstances, the agent of the steamers was willing to take £25. So that, after paying his passage, I have £10 to send you, which no doubt you will find useful. May the God of the widow—the God whom your dear husband served, be your support in the hour of trial, is the prayer of your sympathizing friend,

“DANIEL JAMES.”

The following letter was written in answer to a request made by Mrs. W—— for some particulars respecting Mr. Weed while he was in Chester.

“QUEEN’S PARK, CHESTER,
February 24th, 1853.

“MY DEAR MADAM:—In the month of July last I wrote you a letter containing sixteen pages of note paper, which is sure to be the missing packet. I am sorry it is lost, as it will be a serious matter to write such another; however, I shall feel happy to give you some few particulars of your excellent and much-lamented husband during his residence here.

“I accidentally heard that a minister from America was staying in Chester for a while on account of his health, that he was a stranger here, and I immediately determined to go and see him; and indeed I feel the greatest cause for thankfulness that I ever had the privilege of his acquaintance; and although I only knew him the last two months of his sojourn here, yet that short period sufficed to give me a great insight into his Christian character. At the time I first knew him I had been a long while in a state of bondage very distressing. I had a large amount of scriptural knowledge, but the light of Life had not irra-

diated my soul. He soon discovered my state of mind, and the very first conversation we had together on that subject was blessed by God to the dispelling of doubts and fears, and to a simple, happy reliance upon Jesus, the atoning sacrifice. After then he never lost an opportunity of turning the time we spent together to my spiritual good. I usually spent an hour with him every afternoon ; and when I went in, after the usual inquiries after his health, &c., he would say, 'I have been wondering whether you understand such a point clearly,' and then he would turn to different passages in the Scriptures, which would illustrate the point. He had such a clear, lucid way of explaining things, every mist seemed to vanish. He would frequently say, 'I cannot preach now, but I want to give you clear views, that you may preach in my stead ; and to do so, it is not requisite that you should get up into the pulpit.' I can say with truth that what I learned from him has been most valuable in my constant intercourse with the young people of my classes.

"But though his lucid teachings, and clear and experimental acquaintance with divine things were most valuable, the example of his holy, filial confidence in God, was far more so.

I have read in books, of faith like his, but I never witnessed so much in daily life.

“ His reliance on God was simple and child-like, but strong, vigorous, realizing, unshaken. No wasting sickness, no racking pain, debility however distressing, circumstances however precarious, blighted hopes, and failing resources in a foreign land, away from wife, and children and friends, nothing could cause his faith to falter, or dim the eye that saw—

“ ‘ Behind a frowning Providence a smiling face.’ ”

“ With every thing tending to make him think only of self, he was ever mindful of others, seizing any opportunity that might occur to press home eternal matters upon the minds of any who called, and to encourage the timid and faint-hearted.

“ I was very much struck with Mr. Weed’s confidence in God with regard to his pecuniary matters. While visiting him he never led me to suspect his impoverished circumstances at all ; I only fancied he needed attentions in the way of nice, pleasant food, such as invalids always require. He once gave me a sovereign to purchase some warm articles with, when, having bought them to his satisfaction, I returned him the money ; but

he would not receive it again until I assured him we were perfectly able to afford what I had laid out for him. I found out afterwards that this was his last sovereign, and he did not know where the next was to come from; but as he afterwards said, 'My Father has the cattle upon a thousand hills, and all the fullness of the earth is his, and will He let his poor, suffering child want? Never!'

"His faith was great, and God honored it. The circumstances of the last morning are stereotyped in my memory. His health was in a dreadful state, he could not walk across the room without holding by something. But a letter came from you wishing him, if possible, to return home, as friends in America thought it more desirable than that you should come to him; but he was in the state above described and without resources. However, Mr. James, (your kind friend,) Dr. Norton, and Mr. Knill consulted together. Dr. Norton said if he could go by the steamer which sailed the following Friday, (two days after,) he *might* live to reach home; if delayed any longer he would not be able to leave even his room. Mr. James said he would endeavor to get the funds for his cabin fare among a few friends in Liverpool. Mr. Knill said he would try to raise a sufficient sum to cover his expen-

ses here and pay any little debts he might have. But *two days* was a short time to do all this in. However, Mr. James promised to write the next day (Thursday) to say whether he had been able to secure a cabin and to raise the requisite means. What a sickly, exciting time for a poor invalid! What conflicting hopes and fears one would have thought would have agitated him! But no; he was calm as an infant upon its mother's breast.

"On Friday morning early Mr. Knill called to say a letter was come, the cabin was secured, and Mr. Weed was to leave in the two o'clock train. I immediately went down to arrange every thing for him, pack his clothes, &c. I found Mrs. Thomas, his kind friend, already there. Though extremely faint and ill he gave all necessary directions. Oh! it was a privilege to be with him that last morning, witnessing the support that faith and a meek reliance upon God imparted at that trying juncture.

"After every thing was done for him that thoughtful, loving hearts could suggest, he lay down on the sofa for a little rest; and I sat alone with him, and gazed and wondered to see that in the prospect of a boisterous voyage in *December*, alone and friendless, he could be so calm, so serene; but, indeed, his

head, like the beloved disciple's, was on the bosom of Jesus, and the everlasting arms were around him. He gave me his Hymn Book and made me mark his favorite hymns. I need not say how I value that as a relic of one whom I loved and revered as a true and most faithful friend. Now see the care that God took of his servant. A cabin, replete with such comforts as a vessel can afford, was secured for him; Mr. Knill brought him a nice little sum of money, that left him comfortably off after every thing was paid for; his medical man, Dr. Norton, came to bid him adieu, and for his constant attendance during some months would receive nothing but his thanks; one friend came with some warm slippers; another with a warm flannel waistcoat and a pair of blankets, lest there should not be sufficient on board the vessel; a third sent some English wine, that he liked and suited him; and some came to say adieu. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, who were going to Liverpool, took charge of him. At the station near, our dear pastor, Mr. Knill, (who assisted his tottering steps to the carriage,) his wife and daughter, ourselves, and others who came to take a last look. But few words were uttered, we saw he could not bear it, we *looked* our adieu, and as the carriage moved

on, and the receding train bore him from our sight, we felt we should see his face no more in this world, but then the eye of faith soared upwards, and we caught a glimpse of the glorified body, and sanctified, happy spirit, bowing before the Throne.

“ ‘ No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor fears shall reach that place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

“ ‘ Oh ! long expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.’

“ Now, do we not see how God cared for him ? All his wants were fully supplied, as much as it was possible under the circumstances. True, he was among strangers, but faith in Jesus made them brethren, united to him by the strong family bonds of the gospel, and his desires were fulfilled, in that he was preserved through the voyage and restored to die among his loved ones.

“ The God, who thus cared for him, who put within him that faith, and then so eminently honored it, says, ‘ Leave thy fatherless children with me, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.’ I can fully

understand that the example of his faith is a 'precious legacy' to you ; may you ever be enabled *so* to trust, and you 'shall never be ashamed.'

"If the above curtailed account of the last two months he spent in England will be of any service to you, I shall be very glad. Will you kindly acknowledge, as soon as you conveniently can, the receipt of this? With every feeling of respect, I am, my dear madam,

"Most truly and affectionately yours,

"JANETTA HARPER."

REMARKS

ON THE

LIFE OF REV. EDWARD WEED,

BY THE REV. SAMUEL D. COCHRAN,

PATERSON, N. J., JUNE 23, 1851.

WE are informed in the Sacred Oracles, that the memory of the just is blessed, and that the Apocalyptist heard a voice from heaven, saying unto him, "Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." These transcendent benedictions most assuredly rest on the memory of our dear friend, whose inanimate body lies before us. Having long known him, and enjoyed much intimate association with him, as a most endeared and cherished friend, I now stand before you, to make some brief statements and remarks respecting his history and character. My acquaintance and intercourse commenced as far back as 1838. The

confidence and cordiality of the most cemented friendship, have bound us together, and have given me a knowledge of his heart and habits, his ends, aims, and aspirations; his whole character, as a minister and a man, such as few others on earth possess. I can, of course, glance now at but a very few points and facts, out of the many, with which I might, with due time and preparation, entertain and edify you, and stir up your minds to emulate his saintly excellence.

The first knowledge I had of him was as an Anti-Slavery agent and lecturer in Ohio, under the appointment of the Ohio Anti-Slavery Society. In this capacity he labored some two or three years, encountering much opposition, running many hazards from the violence of the mobs, and achieving great results over a large portion of the State. In this course of labor he was remarkably free from all the untempered mortar, with which so many of those who have been engaged in the same work, have attempted to build the dilapidated walls of the temple of human freedom. No malign element embittered his spirit, no fierce and sweeping denunciations fell from his lips; his manner was bland, his language moderate, his arguments well balanced, and adapted to convince and persuade. Multitudes who

went to hear him, full of hostility, and purposing to make disturbance, sometimes even to abuse and injure him, were led to hear him patiently, and a large portion of them to go away embracing his presentations as the truth. Among all the advocates of this cause who have served it as lecturers, there probably has not been one so well adapted, on the whole, to advance its interests, or who effected more for its happy inauguration in the heads and hearts of his audiences, and the communities he visited, during an equal length of time. Oh, that all its advocates, by lip and pen, had been like him. His advocacy was that of a servant of God and his revelations, of one who let not his devotion to this cause push out of sight and destroy his interest in all other causes, especially the greatest and grandest of all causes, the conversion and spiritual renovation of the race, through "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." In '38 he left this work, and assumed the pastorate of the Free Presbyterian church in Mount Vernon, Ohio, having been licensed before he went out on his Anti-Slavery agency. His labors in Mount Vernon and its vicinity, for miles around, were most abundant and most propitious. Commencing with a vast amount of prejudice against him and his charge, he succeeded in overcoming it to a most re-

markable degree, in bringing many to embrace the gospel, and in building up the church of his charge. He has doubtless already struck hands in heaven with some of those who were won to Christ, during his stay in that place.

Long will his memory be blessed by many others there, for the spiritual good he conveyed to them, in stimulating them to a higher piety than they already possessed, or in securing their induction into the family of God.

In May of '42, he deemed it his duty to bid adieu to that field, and transfer his labors, and cares, and prayers to Paterson. And you know with what faith, fulness, and winning grace he went in and out among you, and broke unto you the bread of life. After remaining here nearly two years, he was induced to accept a call to the first Free Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, L.I. His labors there were highly successful, some fifty members being added to the church of his charge during the time he remained there. The action of some leading individuals in that church, which he has always since regarded as unjustifiable and wrong, and by which he was exceedingly grieved, led him to resign his station there, and to return again to this church, in accordance with a new call from it. This church received the residue of his earthly ministra-

tions. About two years since, as you know, he was obliged to suspend his services among you, on account of the progress of the disease which has consummated its mission, by untenanting this wasted form of its inhabiting spirit, dismissing it to its mansions above, and this mouldering mortality to the tomb.

Such is a brief outline of his history as known to me, and partly known to most of those who hear me. I will now call your attention to some features of his character more especially as a Christian, and a minister of Christ. 1st. I regard his personal religious history as a very distinguished illustration of that beautiful text—"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." His course has been most obviously marked with constant increase and development of spiritual life, passing clearly before the eyes of all who knew him, and had the vision to see it, through all the stages that conduct from the springing blade of first faith, to the maturity of the saintly character, represented by the full corn in the ear. It has been my privilege to observe this progress of development along the line of his progress, and to witness its consummation in exhibitions as rich and precious as any I have ever known. Indeed, it seems almost impossible, that any one

should reach a pitch of faith more absolute, than he evinced towards the close of his career, and indeed during most of his sufferings. In circumstances of absolute dependence on others, under God, for the means of subsistence for himself and family, his confidence that their wants would be fully supplied, never once, to my knowledge, seemed to falter. And most signally and remarkably was his confidence realized. The extent to which hearts and hands have been opened, and extended to minister to their necessities, is well nigh unparalleled in the annals even of wonder-working faith. Again and again did aid come, in the hour of extremity, from sources and in abundance incalculable by any ordinary mode of estimation. And the same confidence that he evinced in this respect reigned in equal ascendancy respecting God's spiritual provisions for his soul's need. A few days before his exit, as he was expressing to me and one or two others present his conviction that he must soon die, tears burst freely from his eyes. A fear seemed instantly to come over his mind, that his emotion might be interpreted by us as a token of doubt or misgiving respecting his future state, and he spoke out earnestly, "I do not weep because I have any fears or doubts. Blessed be God, 'I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.' It is

nothing but nervous weakness." Just before, we had sung, at his request, that beautiful hymn of Watts, from which he quoted this line. Such was his constant state of mind, leading him frequently to say the same or similar words of unfaltering reliance on the grace of Christ—among others—" *I know in whom I have believed.*"

2nd. He was always characterized with a large catholicity of spirit. He was a stranger to any narrow or hampering sectarianism. His Christian sympathies and regard were as large as evangelical Christianity. And it cost him no sacrifice of feelings or prejudices to embrace and commingle with the children of God of every name. It was a sufficient passport to his heart's purest outgoings towards any one of all the household of faith, to know that he sustained such a relation. Hence all measures and efforts and prosperities of any of the different denominations of Christians, had his purest prayers, and gave him highest joy.

3rd. He was emphatically a Bible man. All his hopes rested on the sure foundation of the glorious revelations of God in his Word. How many hours have we spent in converse on the themes and surpassing excellencies of the living oracles. During his sickness, his mind grasped, as it were, anew his old and cherished theme

of the atonement. And when he came to my house, a little less than a year ago, he again and again expressed his desire to live, that he might tell the world about the importance of its accepting the gospel as a *positive* religion, not of man nor by man, but of God and his given Son.

4th. He exceedingly loved to preach the gospel. It was his chief delight, his meat and drink. And during his waning life, he clung to the last to the hope against hope, that he might recover, so that he might again preach the gospel, and preach it better than ever before. This was the last element of his earthly hopes, that went down amidst the wreck of dissolving mortality.

5th. He was a very grateful man. Any favor bestowed upon him, by any one, commanded in him the profoundest gratitude. Some of his benefactors can doubtless testify to his expressions of gratitude, to such a degree as really to oppress them. And this spirit glowed with supreme ardor towards God. "The goodness of God—the goodness of God," how often was this on his lips!

6th. He was an untiring laborer. Not an hour of his life was spent without some assiduous application. Preparing sermons and preaching them. Studying the living oracles, or some-

thing which he deemed valuable to him in his station, visiting his people, or, in some other way, every hour was used up. And there is no doubt that he overworked, and hastened the termination of his career. How often are ministers overdoing when perhaps some of their people are blaming them for not doing more.

7th. He was a very benevolent man. His hand was always open to give, not only to the full extent of his ability, but beyond. Out of his limited salary he told me on one occasion that he had given to benevolent objects some \$700, during his pastorate, from 1842. He seemed fully to realize the Saviour's maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE SUBSTANCE
OF AN
ADDRESS
DELIVERED AT
THE FUNERAL OF REV. E. WEED,
BY REV. W. H. HORNBLOWER,
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Paterson, Jan. 23, 1851.

THOSE motives which render it indelicate and inexpedient to make personal allusions to the dead, cannot operate in the present instance. We are assembled at the funeral of a man whose life was spent in public, and whose character belongs to the public; of a Christian, whose spiritual experience is the common inheritance of all true disciples; and of a pastor, the recollection of whose faithful labors is a solemn duty, as well as a pleasing privilege. Of the early life of the Rev. Edward Weed, we have already heard. I am requested to speak of the character and

results of his labors here. The one word which may express the character of his life is, *usefulness*. His was a practical and a useful mind. His qualifications for usefulness were of a high order. He was a man of great natural ability. He might, under more propitious circumstances, have taken a more conspicuous position than he actually attained. But he conquered many difficulties, and rose in spite of obstacles, commanded respect from all, was constantly increasing his influence, and if his life had been spared till that period when all the powers are fully matured, he would have secured a well-merited name in all the churches. The deficiencies of early and thorough mental discipline; the imperfections of an education constantly interrupted by the demands of embarrassed circumstances, were deeply felt and lamented by himself. But with a natural thirst for knowledge, quickened by the desire to serve and glorify God, he did all that could be done to qualify himself for the ministry of Christ; and never remitted his efforts and studies till the fatal disease, that has taken away his life, rendered it necessary. In general literature he was well read, and believing that books are expressions of the character of the age, he made it a duty to read many of those light

works in which the sentiments that are most popular usually find expression. In theology he was a close and persevering student, and he read with unusual discrimination, always, of course, preserving those tendencies which his theological training in college and seminary had determined. The Bible was *especially* his great study; he was familiar with its contents, and availed himself to the extent of his ability of those critical helps which our age has so largely multiplied. But while he studied this volume as a critic and a scholar, his heart was always as much interested as his head. It was the revelations of his Heavenly Father, in Jesus Christ his Son, only to be learned by the teaching of the Holy Ghost. He studied it with the keenest relish, never failed to extract from every part of it spiritual nourishment, and he found every word profitable to his soul.

One principal element in his usefulness was his sound practical judgment. He was never so much of a student as to forget the ordinary thoughts, feelings, and habits of the men engaged in secular pursuits. Hence his opinions were always formed upon the common sense views of things, and his plans were adapted to the world as it is. He consulted time and circumstances, and was seldom inju-

diciously inappropriate. His sympathies were strong. He had the rare ability of putting himself in the position of another man, and then supposing how he would feel, think, or act in his circumstances. This enabled him to enter into another man's heart, and saved him from that asperity of feeling and judgment in reference to the views and acts of others which men of narrow mind entertain. His active and well-informed mind, his strong common sense and ready sympathies, added to great cheerfulness of disposition, made him a most agreeable companion. He was always entertaining, and without any parade of superior intelligence, was always instructive in conversation. I doubt if he ever mingled in any circle without leaving a pleasant and happy impression. And while he never omitted any opportunity of uttering the most solemn truths, and giving spiritual instruction, he was wholly free from sanctimoniousness, and innocent of all religious affectation. He never assumed the serious air or the awful countenance, but was always the easy and natural Christian friend and gentleman. He was industrious, persevering, and energetic in pursuing his plans. His power of application was great, and hence the success of his efforts were extraordinary. These habits, together

with his good judgment and knowledge of the world, rendered him an excellent man of business. He received many offers of a business nature when a young man, which would have tempted a more worldly mind to forsake the pulpit for the desk. His facility in all business transactions was a great element in his usefulness as a pastor. All the qualities of which we have spoken were strengthened and crowned by the gifts of divine grace. He was a child of God, an "Israelite, indeed, in whom was no guile." The strongest characteristic of his piety was faith. He rested with entire confidence on the merits of Christ, in beautiful simplicity confided himself wholly to the care and direction of Divine Providence, and never doubted the love and active agency of God in all that befell him. Prayerfulness, I should suppose, was his, and those who lived with him probably have a good testimony in this respect. Love and zeal were striking characteristics of his spiritual character. He was a self-denying pastor. Much as you did for him, he renounced more for you. He was laborious. He was a friend to the poor and afflicted. He was faithful to souls. He sought not yours, but you. This dear friend is no more.

[FROM THE OBERLIN EVANGELIST.]

THE LATE REV. EDWARD WEED, OF PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.—Such a man as Edward Weed should not be suffered to pass from earth without due honor to his worth, and an earnest effort to commend his excellent qualities to the general imitation of young ministers. Few men have more constantly striven to be faithful to souls. He was instant in season and out of season, and spared no labor or self-denial which promised to result in the edification of Christians, or the conversion of sinners. And he was uncommonly successful. Powerful revivals blessed his ministry, and the churches of which he was pastor grew in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. It was the happiness of the writer to assist him in some of his special efforts, and the remembrance of the energy, faithfulness, and wisdom, which he showed on these occasions, will not easily be erased from his mind. Though unusually prudent in the use of his strength, he was, like Paul, ever ready to be offered for the spiritual benefit of his fellow-men; and perhaps, in the circumstances of his people, he saw occasion for the laborious exertion which involved the sacrifice of his remaining health and his valuable life. Be-

fore Edward Weed became a pastor he acted in the State of Ohio as an anti-slavery lecturer. Though no man displayed more uncompromising fidelity, he was heard in the days of mobs and Lynch law with unusual acceptance, and gained a patient, favorable hearing, where many others would have been repulsed ; for he knew how to blend in harmonious union the utmost plainness of speech and winningness of manner, and to eschew in the faithful urging of powerful argument and effective appeal, the "grievous words that stir up anger." He made most men feel that he was guileless and transparent as a child, and was endued with a kind, genial, and truly friendly and liberal spirit. He carried these qualities with him through life, and they endeared him to many who owed their salvation to God's blessing on his unflinching fidelity in rebuke and admonition.

Edward Weed was a remarkably studious man. Though so abundant in active labors, preaching, lecturing, visiting, &c., more than most pastors, he always found time for study. Even amidst his special efforts, or while travelling as an agent or public lecturer, he rarely let a day pass in which he did not faithfully devote some time to careful mental improvement. The fruit of his efforts ap

peared in a constant improvement in his preaching and other public efforts, so that he was a growing man until the ability to study utterly ceased. The practical end of study he always held in view: to know the truth better himself, to live in it better, and to conduct his people onward and upward, while he sought himself unostentatiously to lead the way.

Edward Weed was eminently an independent man. He had no pride in his independence, but, as a Christian duty, he endeavored on every subject to think and act for himself. He was ever ready to acknowledge and avail himself of superior knowledge or wisdom, but he appeared never to lose sight of his personal responsibility for his opinions and line of action. Splendor, acuteness, or depth of intellect, had his warm, unstinted admiration; but they could not cramp the free exercise of his own powers, much less dazzle or fascinate him into subjection. And we have mistaken his character, if he did not wish the humblest mind he was called to instruct to be independent in the same sense; and that the unity of the saints around him should be founded on no slavish reliance on human authority, but on an humble, honest, and industrious endeavor, on the part of all and each, to see

the truth with their own eyes, and perceive it with their own minds. His honest independence, and hearty toleration of the independence of others, were among the virtues that made him one of the most beloved of ministers, and one of the most agreeable of associates and fellow-laborers. As a consequence of the honesty and independence of his character, he was ever ready to prove all things new, of a promising aspect; and sturdy in holding fast what was precious in the old.

He was one of the last men to set his sail to catch the popular breeze, and one of the last, too, to rush into an unexamined novelty. When he had become satisfied of the claims of any new view of truth, or of any proposed reform, it was as far as possible from his practice to hurl anathemas at such as were not found promptly to fall into the new-forming ranks. But it was his zealous endeavor, while he avowed his own convictions with the utmost frankness, to choose acceptable words and arguments, with which to commend the cause he had espoused to the minds and hearts of other men. Conscious of no moral cowardice or time-serving policy himself, he was slow—without overwhelming evidence—to ascribe those odious qualities to his brethren. He did not, however, shut his

eyes to the faults of individuals or classes in the state or in the church. So far as the faculty of discernment was given him, he regarded it as his solemn duty to see things just as they were, "to extenuate nothing—to set down naught in malice." But when he brought a charge, or uttered a rebuke, it was done in the spirit of moderation and love, and with unsparing fidelity. His blows inflicted only the faithful wounds of a friend. To private friends he was as faithful as to his public charge, and the pungency of his rebukes and admonitions mingled ever with the fragrance of love.

Edward Weed loved the gospel of God's love. It was the treasure of his own soul, and he loved to preach it to perishing men. The amplitude of the provisions of mercy, the riches of grace, the fullness of the promises, the glory and terrors of the law, were themes on which he dwelt with holy and ever-growing enthusiasm. His passions circled around the cross. It was to his soul the centre of infinite attractions, and the radiant centre of light. He gloried in his functions as a minister of Christ, and it was his joy as well as highest honor. And in his ministrations it was seen that the unction from the Holy One was upon him. It would, however, be a great

mistake to suppose that he dwelt in a region of excitement. His strong interest in the high realities of revelation had become to him so much a second nature, that a calm and cheerful sobriety was one of his striking characteristics.

Edward Weed was a remarkably happy Christian. He almost always wore a cheerful, beaming countenance; the buoyancy of his heart continued to his dying day. After he had been long sick, he wrote to a friend, that his long afflictions had not drawn a tear from his eyes, but that the kindness of his friends had made him weep many tears of gratitude. His last words, as reported in the "New York Independent," expressed the fixed peace and calm joy of his departing soul. He has left behind him many men of deeper learning, many of more brilliant genius, many who occupied more conspicuous posts of influence, but it would be hard to find one of whom, were he gone, it could be more emphatically said, he was a lovely, a noble, and a true man.

JOHN MORGAN.

APPENDIX.

NOTE A.

ONE of the last things that Mr. Weed did, before he was taken ill in '49, was in company with a brother minister, to canvass Passaic County, soliciting subscriptions to redeem a pledge that had been made to the County Bible Society to raise \$1,000 in that County for the benefit of said Society. He headed the subscriptions of the members of his own church and congregation with \$10. He was soon after taken sick, his labors suspended, and his household goods, horse and carriage, were sold to pay his debts. Many of his friends thought his circumstances should release him from responsibility to pay this subscription; but he considered it as much a debt as his grocery bills, and earnestly requested that whether he lived or died, it might be duly paid. Thus did he ever "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness."

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